STEVE HACKETT ★ DONINGTON REVIEW ★ Y&T
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KERRANG!

September 6-19 No 76 70p

MÖTLEY CRÜE REVIEW THE SINGLES

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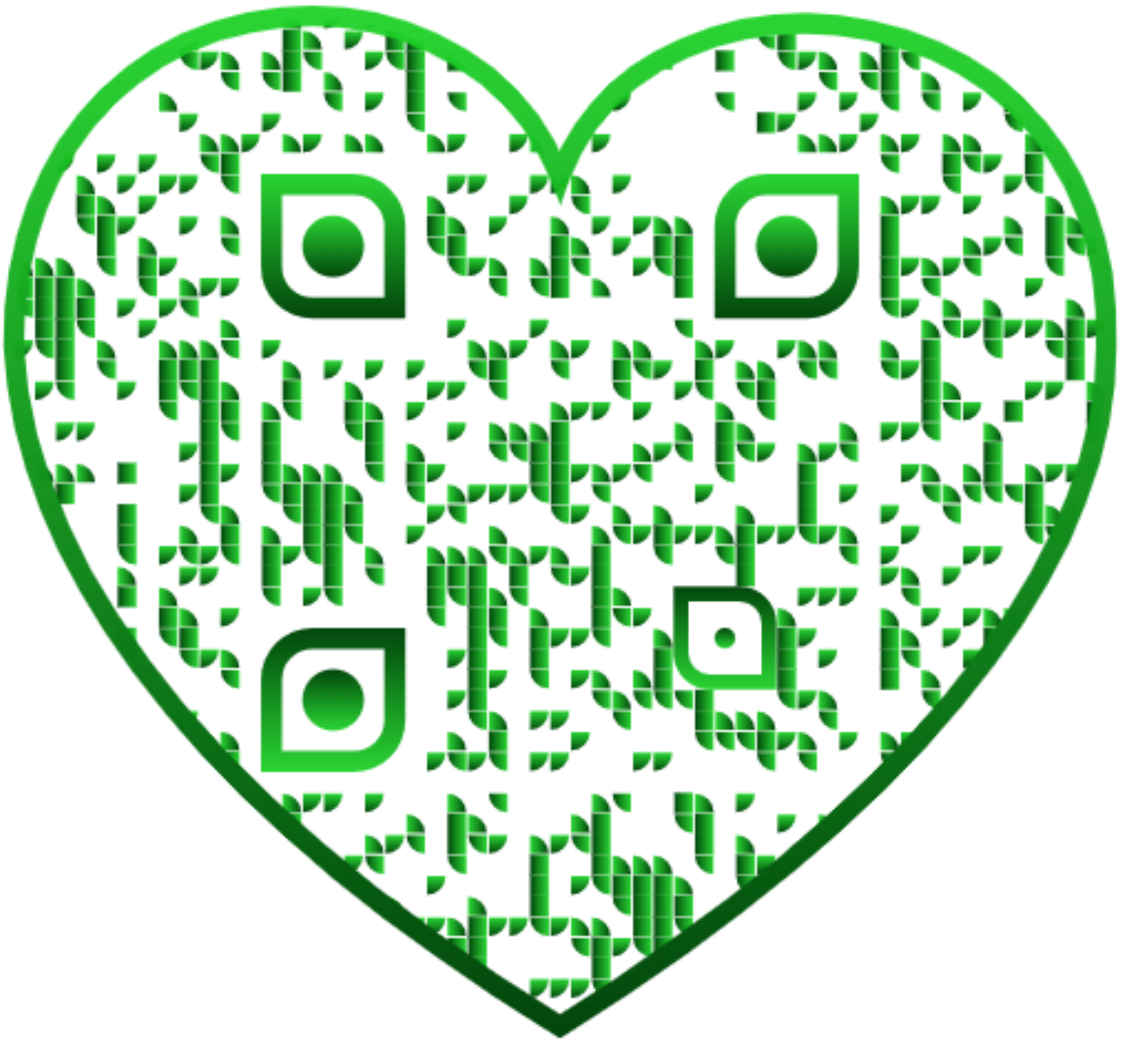
CALLING ALL GIRLS! ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO APPEAR WITH W.A.S.P. ONSTAGE?
SEE PAGE 13. . .



Pic Neil Zlozower

■ **BON JOVI (above) have now been confirmed as the support act on Kiss' upcoming UK/ European tour, as exclusively predicted in issue 73.**

The band precede these dates with a special charity show at a 15,000 capacity venue in St. Louis; Bon Jovi top a bill that also includes three local acts.

On the record front, it's expected that the group's recent US hit single, 'Runaway', will be issued on the *Vertigo* label during the Autumn.

UP THE HAMMERS

■ **MANOWAR (vocalist Eric Adams pictured right) embark on their first full European tour during October. They play dates in Belgium, France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Finland before undertaking the following UK shows: Newcastle City Hall October 26, Glasgow Apollo 27, Manchester Apollo 28, Portsmouth Guild Hall 30, Sheffield City Hall 31, Birmingham Odeon November 1, Ipswich Gaumont 3, Bristol Colston Hall 4, London Hammersmith Odeon 5.**

The band issue their fourth album, 'Sign Of The Hammer', through the *10* label on September 24. See *Mayhem* issues 70/71/73 for full details.

In the meantime, Manowar's latest single, a special 'loud cut' of 'All Men Play On 10' (see review this issue), has just been put out with 'Mountains' on the flip. It's available in 12" form only and comes in a gatefold sleeve depicting a flight case, *Marshall* stack/amp and speakers. The former cut was produced by Jack Richardson/mixed by Tony Platt whilst the latter was produced/mixed by Platt. Both tracks will feature on the 'SOTH' set.

Originally, re-mixed versions of 'Revelation (Death's Angel)' and 'Secret Of Steel' were to appear on the single. However, due to lack of time, the required work on the songs couldn't be completed.

Pic Ross Halfin

MAYHEM!

■ VOCALIST **Ray Kennedy** looks all set to leave **MSG** to pursue a solo career. As yet no replacement has been finalised.

■ **GARY MOORE** issues a double live album through the *10* label on October 3. Titled **'We Want Moore'**, it was co-produced by Moore with **Tony Platt** and mixed by Platt. The track listing is:

Side One: **'Murder In The Skies'**, **'Shapes Of Things'** and **'Victims Of The Future'**.

Side Two: **'Cold Hearted'**, **'End Of The World'** and **'Back On The Streets'**.

Side Three: **'Empty Rooms'** (a 13 minute version).

Side Four: **'Don't Take Me For A Loser'** and **'Rockin' & Rollin''**.

Primarily recorded in the UK and US, the LP will be put out in a gatefold sleeve.

■ **HANOI ROCKS** have cancelled their forthcoming co-headlining UK tour with the **Damned** as the latter have once again split up. In the meantime, the band's long-awaited debut album for *CBS*, **'Two Steps From The Move'**, is now expected out on October 8.

ALL SMILES

■ ***BLACKFOOT*** *(guitarist/vocalist **Rick Medlocke** above) issue their latest album on the* Atco *label in mid-September. Titled **'Vertical Smiles'** (as exclusively revealed in* Mayhem *issue 71), it was co-produced by **Al Nalli** and **Eddie Offord** at East Point Studios in Atlanta. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'Morning Dew'***, ***'Living In The Limelight'***, ***'Ride With You'*** *and* ***'Get It On'***.

Side Two: ***'Young Girl'***, ***'Summer Days'***, ***'A Legend Never Dies'***, ***'Heartbeat & Heels'*** *and* ***'In For The Kill'***.

*All songs were written by the band with the exception of 'Morning Dew' (**Dobson/Rose**), 'Living In The Limelight' (**Peter Cetera**) and 'A Legend Never Dies' (**Robert Alvin Johnson/ Mark Gentel/Brent Maher**).*

■ **SAXON** ISSUE a compilation album under the title of **'Saxon's Greatest Hits'** on the *Carrere* label during mid-September. The track listing is:

Side One: **'747 (Strangers In The Night)'**, **'Wheels Of Steel'**, **'Strong Arm Of The Law'** and **'Never Surrender'**.

Side Two: **'Dallas 1 pm'**, **'And The Bands Played On'**, **'Denim & Leather'** and **'Motorcycle Man'**.

The band have now seemingly terminated their deal with *Carrere* and are talking to several companies with a view to securing a new recording contract.

■ **U2** HAVE just issued their latest single on the *Island* label. Produced by **Brian Eno** and **Daniel Lanois**, the basic tracks were recorded at Slane Castle (Dublin), with the overdubs/ mixing taking place at Windmill Lane Studios (Dublin), where the band worked on their previous three albums.

Available in seven inch, seven inch double pack and 12" formats, all feature **'Pride (In The Name Of Love)'** on the A-side with **'Fourth Of July'** on the flip. The latter two also contain extra tracks in **'Boomerang I'** (an instrumental) and **'Boomerang II'**.

Although 'Pride . . .' will be on the band's new album **'Unforgettable Fire'** (to be issued in late September), none of the other songs will be appearing on this LP.

U2 have just begun a world tour with shows in New Zealand and Australia. They follow these commitments with European dates during October and a full US trek before the end of the year. British gigs are also planned for '84, but these have yet to be confirmed.

■ **MAGNUM** HAVE signed a publishing contract with *Tritec Music*, also responsible for handling **Duran Duran's** affairs. The quintet hope to sign a new recording deal in America during the next few months. Already Magnum have written and demoed all the material necessary for a new album. As yet, though, no plans have been laid for the actual recording of such an opus.

In the meantime, the band will be playing dates at **London Marquee Club** September 20-22. The outfit's current line-up features vocalist **Bob Catley**, guitarist **Tony Clarkin**, bassist **Wally Lowe** and drummer **Kex Gorin**. Keyboardsman **Mark Stanway**, although he will be doing the dates, has now left Magnum to join **Grand Slam** on a permanent basis. As yet no full-time replacement has been found. The band will be augmented by two female backing vocalists on the above dates called **Mo** and **Jackie**.

■ **STYX** GUITARIST **Tommy Shaw** issues his first solo album, **'Girls With Guns'**, through *A&M* on October 15. For full details see *Mayhem* issue 72. In the meantime, Styx vocalist **Dennis De Young** puts out the title track of his solo LP, **'Desert Moon'**, as a single on October 8. For a review of the album see this issue.

■ SOUTH LONDON band **Terraplane** have now signed a worldwide deal with *CBS*. The outfit recently completed recording with producer **Liam Henshaw** at Angel Studios in London. As yet, it's not known when any product will be put out.

■ **VENOM** HAVE just finished recording their latest single at Abbey Road Studios in London. Co-produced by the band with **Keith Nichol**, it's expected out on the *Neat* label during late September/early October in seven inch and 12" formats. Both will feature **'Manitou'** on the A-side plus **'Woman'**, whilst the latter will also contain **'Dead Of The Night'**.

The trio start work on their fourth album during early October. Tentatively titled **'Possessed'**, it should be out before the end of the year. As yet no decision has been made on either the producer or studio to be used on the project.

■ **ROBIN GEORGE** has just completed work on his debut album. Tentatively titled **'Dangerous Music'**, it was produced by **John Ryan** at The Manor (Oxfordshire) and The Roundhouse Studios (London). It's expected to be issued on the *Bronze* label during early Autumn, preceded by a single (probably **'Heartline'**) in late September.

Aside from George (guitars/ vocals) the LP also features guest appearances from such names as **Phil Lynott/Pino Palladino** (bass), **Dave Holland** (drums), **Mark Stanway** (keyboards) and **Chris Thompson** (backing vocals). Although the full track listing has yet to be decided, it's expected to include **'Heartline'**, **'Shout'** (likely to be the second single), **'Stolen From My Heart'**, **'Shoot On Sight'**, **'No News Is Good News'**, **'Spy'**, **'Showdown'**, **'French Kisses'**, **'Don't Turn Away'** and **'Hit List'**.

■ THE NEW **Triumph** album, now titled **'Turn Of The Wheel'**, is expected to be issued on the *RCA* label in the next couple of months. Produced by the band with **Eddie Kramer** at Metal Works Studio in Toronto, it's expected that the LP will feature the following tracks: **'Spellbound'**, **'Rock Out, Roll On'**, **'Time Goes By'**, **'Follow Your Heart'**, **'Stranger In A Strange Land'**, **'Killing Time'**, **'Sankei Juku'** (a guitar instrumental), **'Time Canon'** and **'Little Boy Blues'**.

Triumph begin touring again during October with a batch of North American dates.

■ **WENDY O. WILLIAMS** goes out on the road during mid-September for a series of US shows, beginning in the mid-West and ending on the East Coast.

■ **SATAN'S DAUGHTER** have now changed their name to **Van Damme**.

WEEKEND WARRIORS

■ KERRANG! *IN association with **Showstopper Promotions**, is organising a three-day festival at **Ladbrokes 'Seashore Holiday Village'** in **Great Yarmouth, Norfolk** during mid-October.*

*Called **'The Wooorgh! Weekender'**, the event runs from mid-day on Friday October 12 until 5pm on Sunday October 14. A number of bands will be appearing during the weekend. Already **Motörhead** (pictured above), **Thor**, **Grand Slam**, **Spider**, **Nazareth**, **Twelfth Night**, **Killer** (from Belgium) and **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts** are all confirmed to play. All the performances will be recorded by* Radio One *for broadcast on **'The Friday Rock Show'**.*

*There will be regular video screenings plus a number of DJ's, including our own **'Krusher' Joule**, host of the famed **'Krusher's Earbashing Night'** held every Wednesday at the **China Hall pub** in **Lower Rd, SE16**.*

The price for the weekend will include self-catering accommodation in caravans plus the full use of the onsite swimming pool, snooker tables and amusement arcades.

Full details, plus a booking form, will appear in our next issue.

MORE* MAYHEM! *OVER PAGE 3

NAME OF THE GAME

■ ***MAINEEAXE*** *(above) are to issue* ***'The Game'*** *as a single on the* Powerstation *label during early October; this is a cut from their debut 'Shout It Out' album. The B-side will feature a newly recorded song titled* ***'No Foolin' '****.*

MAYHEM!

FROM PAGE 3

■ **JUDIE TZUKE** issues her latest single **'You'** (an old *Motown* song) b/w **'Racing Against Time'** (a Tzuke original), through the *Legacy* label on September 7. It's to be made available in both seven inch and 12" formats. See *Mayhem* issue 71 for full details.

■ **DI'ANNO** WERE forced to cancel their show at **Watford Verulam Heads** at the end of last month due to vocalist **Paul Di'Anno** experiencing throat problems. Apparently, the former **Iron Maiden** singer was suffering from nodules on the vocal chords, something he's been afflicted with in the past.

Still on the medical front, guitarist **Bernie Tormé** collapsed at the end of his band's set at the **London Marquee Club** on August 14. Tormé was rushed to Middlesex Hospital in Central London following the show suffering from excessive loss of body fluid and a nervous disorder. Although he was detained overnight, the man has now made a complete recovery.

■ **JIMMY PAGE** and **Paul Rodgers** are currently working together in the recording studio. As yet, no further details on this collaboration have been made available.

In the meantime, **Robert Plant** begins work on his third solo album at Marcus Music Studios in London during mid-September. No title or release date have yet been announced.

■ **MEAT LOAF** has now completed work on his latest album. Recorded at Marcus Music Studios in Abbey Road in London, it's titled **'Bad Attitude'** and the track listing includes: **'Bad Attitude'** (which features a duet with **Roger Daltrey**), **'Surf's Up'** (written by **Jim Steinman** and first recorded on the composer's own 'Bad For Good' LP), **'Nowhere Fast'** (another Steinman song), **'Modern Girl'** and **'Sailor To A Siren'**. The album will be issued on the *Arista* label in the near future. For further details see *Mayhem* issue 72.

■ THE REVIVED **Angel** have completed work on their 'comeback' album. As yet untitled (the original choice of 'Buy Or Die' has now been abandoned), it was co-produced by keyboardsman **Greg Giuffria** plus **Lee De Carlo** at Record Plant Studios and the A&M Sound Stage in Los Angeles and has the following track listing: **'Don't Tear Me Down'**, **'Out Of The Blue'**, **'Turn Me On'**, **'Do Me Right'**, **'Lonely In Love'**, **'Call To The Heart'**, **'Line Of Fire'**, **'After All I've Been Through'** and **'I'm In The Trouble Again'**.

The LP is put out in the US at 9.00 am on October 9 through *MCA*, with UK/European releases following in the next few months.

The band will be undertaking a series of American shows during October/November and hope to do a full UK tour early next year.

■ **BOX OF FROGS** have just issued a new single on the *Epic* label. The A-side features **'Into The Dark'** (a track from the band's recent self-titled debut album), whilst the flip contains extracts from the following LP cuts: **'Two Steps Ahead Of The Man'**, **'Just A Boy Again'**, **'Harder'**, **'Another Wasted Day'** and **'Back Where I Started'**.

■ **SAMMY HAGAR** has just issued a new UK single on the *Geffen* label. It's titled **'Two Sides Of Love'** b/w **'Burnin' Down The City'**, a recent Top 40 hit in the US. See issue 73 for review.

■ FORMER **M-80/Vendetta** guitarist/vocalist **Nikki Buzz** recently recorded an album in Holland with **Bodine** members **Jeronimo Bos** (bass) and **Gerard Haitsma** (drums). Produced by Buzz, it's titled **'Don't Feed The Animal'**; as yet, no label deal has been signed for its release. Buzz, though, does have a publishing deal with *Warner Brothers* in Holland.

Buzz, who hopes to base himself in the UK for the next couple of years, has now put together a permanent trio under the banner of the **Nikki Buzz Band**, featuring **Robbie Fiffer** (drums) and **Arco Boomer** (bass). The band headline a show at **London Dingwalls** on October 3.

■ **MICHAEL BOLTON** will now issue his second solo album on the *CBS* label next January. Titled **'Everybody's Crazy'**, it was produced by **Neil Kernon** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Save Our Love'**, **'Everybody's Crazy'** (likely to be put out as a single), **'Can't Turn It Off'** and **'Call My Name'**.

Side Two: **'Everytime'**, **'Start Breaking My Heart'**, **'You Don't Want Me Bad Enough'**, **'Don't Tell Me It's Over'** and **'Look At What You've Got'**.

Aside from Bolton (vocals), the album also features **Bruce Kulick** (guitars), **MSG** man **Dennis Feldman** (bass) and **Michael Draun** (drums).

■ **EARTHSHAKER** ISSUE a five track mini-album through *Music For Nations* in mid-September. Titled **'T-o-k-y-o'**, it has the following track listing:

Side One (recorded with producer **Masa Itoh** at the Automatt Studios in San Francisco): **'T-o-k-y-o'** and **'Lost 7224'** (both previously unreleased).

Side Two (recorded live at Shibuya Kokaido in Japan and produced by the band): **'More'**, **'Young Girls'** and **'Wall'**.

This will only be issued in the UK.

■ **WARFARE** HAVE just finished work on their debut album, due out on the *Neat* label in the near future. Titled **'Pure Filth'**, it was produced by **Tank** bassist/vocalist **Algy Ward** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Warning'**, **'Total Armageddon'**, **'This Machine Kills'**, **'Let The Show Go On'**, **'Breakout'** and **'Noise, Filth & Fury'**.

Side Two **'Collision'**, **'Rabid Metal'**, **'Dance Of The Dead'**, **'Limit Crescendo'** and **'Rose Petals Fall From Her Face'** (featuring Ward on bass, plus guest slots from the members of **Venom**).

■ AUSTRALIAN QUARTET the **Church** issue a new album through *Carrere* during the next few weeks. Titled **'Remote Luxury'**, it was co-produced by the band and **John Vee** at 310 Studios (Sydney) and includes the following tracks: **'Constant In Opal'**, **'Violet Tan'**, **'No Explanation'**, **'10,000 Miles'**, **'Volumes'**, **'Remote Luxury'**, **'Maybe The Boys/Into My Hand'**, **'A Month Of Sundays'** and **'Shadow Cabinet'**.

■ *FOLLOWING HIS brief liaison with* ***Asia***, ***Greg Lake*** *(above) is attempting to revitalise his solo career. Lake is now being represented by* **Brian Newman**, *the man who also guides* **Keith Emerson***'s fortunes, and it's likely that a new recording deal will be announced shortly for the bassist.*

In the meantime, Emerson himself has just finished demoing five new songs at Olive Studios in London (owned by **Jeff Wayne**); he's been assisted on the project by producer/engineer/multi-instrumentalist **Mike Shepherd** (who worked on **Randy California**'s recent solo album) and **Roger Daltrey** makes a guest appearance on one track. It's hoped that the keyboards wizard will announce a major recording deal soon.

However, contrary to recent reports, there are no plans in hand to reform **ELP**.

CONTINUES PAGE 39

TRANCE-MISSIONS

■ *GERMAN BAND* ***Trance*** *(above) are currently working on material for their third album. Tentatively titled* ***'Victory'****, it will be released during the Autumn on the* Rockport *label. The full track listing is:* ***'Apocalypse Now'***, ***'Break The Chains'***, ***'Rien Ne Va Plus'***, ***'One Man Fighter'***, ***'Back Home'***, ***'We Are The Revolution'***, ***'Halloween'*** *and* ***'Victory'****.*

SAMMY HAGAR IS HERE!

WITH HIS BRAND NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE

PRODUCED BY TED TEMPLEMAN

VOA

(VOICE OF AMERICA)

FEATURING THE U.S. HIT SINGLE
'TWO SIDES OF LOVE'

Epic

KOMMENT

The get-it-off-your-chest kolumn

IT COULD only happen in Britain. In a country which has remained at the forefront of the world's music industry for the last two decades, it's nothing short of a disgrace that we've lost rock music's finest showcase, the National Rock Festival. 'The Reading Festival', as it was more commonly known, was much more than a three-day rock show. In its 23-year run it became a national institution, the high point of the year for thousands of music fans, and a unique opportunity to watch new bands battling it out with the big names.

Speaking as a member of IQ, one of the bands fortunate enough to be chosen to appear this year at the new Lilford site, I can't begin to describe our feelings of disappointment and anger when we heard that the local council had refused to grant a music licence, meaning the event had to be cancelled. I feel very bitter about the loss of Lilford, not only because I've been denied a chance to realise a personal ambition, but also because the decision of the East Northants Borough Council is part of a very worrying trend which could seriously threaten the future of rock music in Britain.

Some years ago, an annual rock festival used to be held in the grounds of Knebworth House in Hertfordshire. In the face of a handful of complaints by residents of Stevenage, some five or six miles away, the local council saw fit to ban the event completely, ignoring the views of thousands of rock fans.

More recently, an attempt was made to ban rock bands from playing at the Hammersmith Odeon on the grounds that the loading of gear was causing a noise nuisance to local residents. This absurd campaign was fortunately only partly successful (how the local residents could hear anything at all above the traffic noise from Hammersmith flyover is a mystery to me!), but it serves to illustrate how eager local councils are to act on the feeblest of excuses to further persecute the music business.

I can't begin to understand why local authorities take 'lunatic fringe' residents groups quite so seriously, but the fact remains that they *do*, and now Lilford's been lost as a result.

This time, the official excuse is apparently that the locals did not want 30-40,000 "violent, drug-crazed hippies" invading their area. Considering the Reading Festival's excellent reputation for being a trouble-free event, this seems a very peculiar attitude, particularly bearing in mind that public entertainments more regularly linked with violence (football matches, for example) are allowed to take place unchallenged.

It would be a tragedy if the views of an ill-informed minority manage to deprive us of a festival that's become a part of our way of life.

If the banning of Lilford is allowed to go unchallenged, it will give local councils throughout the country the mandate to do exactly the same again next year, and in the long term there is no telling how many more festivals and rock venues could be lost. What is needed is a deluge of sensible protest from people who genuinely care about rock music – letters to national papers, local papers, music press, MPs, local authorities. . . *anything*, so long as the borough council's decision is seen to be unpopular.

It is too late to save this year's festival; the unthinkable has already happened. But it is up to all of us, bands and fans alike, to make damn sure it does *not* happen again!

MARTIN ORFORD (IQ)

Does this woman look like 'a violent, drug-crazed hippie' to you?

PANDORA Peroxide

CONTINUING THE CARTOON ADVENTURES OF 'THE ULTIMATE FEMALE IN ROCK'

motörhead

no remorse

ACE OF SPADES ● OVERKILL ● BOMBER ● LOUIE LOUIE
MOTORHEAD ● PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ● IRON FIST ● NO CLASS
JAILBAIT ● STONE DEAD FOREVER ● SHINE ● WE ARE THE ROADCREW
STAY CLEAN ● LIKE A NIGHTMARE ● DANCING ON YOUR GRAVE ● IRON HORSE
TOO LATE TOO LATE ● EMERGENCY ● METROPOLIS ● LEAVING HERE
*KILLED BY DEATH ● *STEAL YOUR FACE ● *SNAGGLETOOTH ● *LOCOMOTIVE

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OUT NOW!

'Powerslave'. . . may one day be recognised as Iron Maiden's greatest phonographic achievement

ALBUMS: HERO-GLYPHICS!

IRON MAIDEN
'Powerslave'
(EMI EJ2402001)

IT'S LATE. Gliding on the spectral plain between this world and the next there is a voice like broken glass speaking in tongues. It is saying:

'Kill for gain or shoot to maim
But we don't need a reason
The Golden Goose is on the loose
And never out of Season . . .'
('2 Minutes To Midnight')

Baby, baby, baby, but the Black Sun is out tonight! OK kidz, are you ready for some of this? I want you all to wipe the Donington mud from your astral cowboy boots, untangle the ghosts of AC/DC and Van Halen from your distant memory, and come to this album absolutely *clean*, with no icky traces of left-over Eddie Van riffs to trip over as you and I crawl on our dirty hands and knees through the icey mountain slopes and twisting space-boulevards of the brand new Iron Maiden album. Crush out those joints boys and gurls and for God's sake don't forget to fasten those seat belts . . . let countdown begin . . .

'The killer's breed or the Demon's seed,
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore . . .'
('2 Minutes To Midnight')

In the distance . . . a sound . . .

An explosion of sound and colour. The album opens with 30 seconds of guitars and drums limbering up like a fuel-injected Carl Lewis on the starting blocks of destiny, and then the gun goes *blam*, there's an almighty riff guaranteed to make the hair grow between your toes, and we're deep into the bowels of 'Aces High'.

We are now travelling at 28,000 feet and Steve Harris is down in the cockpit, his thumb caressing the 'bombs away' trigger. The band sound fresh, instantly alive, as they burn up the sky-lanes in an ever ascending trajectory for some distant star we can't yet put a name to.

It's a great introduction to an even greater album, let that be understood right now. 'Powerslave', y'see, may one day be recognised as Iron Maiden's greatest phonographic achievement. It's a grower. And albums that *grow* have a happy habit of turning into life-long addictions. Presently, however, 'Powerslave' at the very least enjoys the distinction of being as remarkable as 1982's incredible 'Number Of The Beast' LP.

'83's 'Piece Of Mind' album was no slouch, and I still kick it around now and again when there's a full moon to celebrate or a new woman in my life I want to impress, maybe. But for serious business, like official *Kerrang!* functions such as The Bishop's birthday, or a stately visit to the office by Paul Suterstar, it's down to 'Number Of The Beast'. Until now, that is . . .

The artwork for the 'Powerslave' album cover by Derek Riggs

So what have we got to contend with this time? Easy now, kid, it's coming, it's coming. Eight tracks in all. Five on *Side One*, including a Steve Harris instrumental 'Losfer Words (Big 'Orra)' to set your nerves tingling and bones shaking, and three on *Side Two*, including the title track, a real Bruce Dickinson special, and the apocalyptic closer, 'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner', which clocks in at a cool 13 mins 45 secs, replete with extracts from the original Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1798-1834) manuscript to taste and chew over.

I once spent a long Summer's afternoon at a little Devonshire village called Ottery St. Mary lying prone and conscious on top of Coleridge's grave, whispering sweet nothings into the piece of turf I figured his ear was hidden beneath, and when I listened hard enough I could just hear the faint rumble of his ghostly reply. I couldn't swear blind of course, but it sounded like the old man was crying out for some . . . ROCK AND ROLL!!!

Years later and Sammy T has his wish granted and then some, cos 'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner' is the best track on the album, perhaps one of the best tracks the band has ever recorded. But hang on, we're getting ahead of ourselves . . .

Following opener 'Aces High', we're straight into the single, '2 Minutes To Midnight', slightly longer than the 7" version, and if you've got any sense you'll already know all about this track. Suffice it to say, I prefer the longer version, but then I've always been an unashamed elitist.

Next up is the aforementioned instrumental, 'Losfer Words . . .' With its rumbling, *Bladerunner* bass from Mr Harris and anthemic rhythm and lead cut and thrusts from the duelling guitars of Dave Murray and Adrian Smith, it sounds kinda like a theme tune to some futuristic fantasy theatre where all the actors are androids and all the audience are inter-galatic globe-hoppers.

Built on aluminium muscle and polished by Martin Birch's sophisticated production skills, next up is the first big Dickinson number of the set, 'Flash Of The Blade'.

'You'll die as you lived
In a flash of the blade,
In a corner forgotten by no-one.
You lived for the touch
For the feel of the steel,
One man, and his Honour . . .'
('Flash Of The Blade')

Dickinson sings like his life depends on it, with soul and intensity. There's some heavy fire in the choir, and the band rocks out like only they can. Obviously, the track reflects Bruce's own *obsession* with fencing. The boy is as sharp with his vocal salvoes as the pointed end of his sword, and it hurts . . . so good.

'The Duellists' could easily be interpreted as more of the same, and why not? Except that Steve Harris picks up the writing credit on this one.

'Fight for the Honour
Fight for the Splendour
Fight for the Pleasure . . .'
('The Duellists')

Beautiful chorus, charged up on emotion and released with the sparkling blue laser-gun beams of the twin guitars. Nicko McBrain must have grown a third arm over the last year or so because his drumming is constantly, and I mean *constantly*, locked into skull-splintering directions that take your breath away and replace it with 100 per cent Helium. If Iron Maiden wanted to release another single from this album, then 'The Duellists' is the one I'd want to see immortalised in that 7" groove . . .

Awright, spin the plastic pancake on to its shiney black back and let's go all the way with *Side Two*, which opens with the Smith/Dickinson opus 'Back In The Village':

'Turn the spotlights on the people,
Switch the dial and eat the worm,
Take your chances, kill the engine,
Drop your bombs and let it burn . . .'
('Back In The Village')

Yeah! Calling all inhabitants of Rock City: it's time to renew your subscription to the revolution, the boys are singing about *'throwing dice now'* and seeing *'sixes all the way . . .'* again, and the guitars are cranking it out like a freight-train on greased rails. We began by running to the hills, well, now we've re-grouped and we're coming back!

The title track 'Powerslave' – the final Dickinson composition – delves into the secret shrines and catacombs of ancient Egypt. It takes you wandering through the temples and tombs of Osiris with a desert-encrusted *Lado* guitar in one hand and a Derek Riggs inspired vision of Cleopatra walking alongside you holding the other.

'Now I am cold but a ghost lives in my veins,
Silent the terror that reigned –
Marbled in stone . . .'
('Powerslave')

The song's about the desperate attempts of the ancient Egyptian kings and queens to become immortal, to become Gods . . . and, yeah, it boasts some of Maiden's most pretentious lyrics yet and, yeah, I *love it*!

And then there is 'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner'. Take it away Sammy T.

'One after one by the star dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
And cursed me with his eye . . .'
('Rime Of The Ancient Mariner')

ROCK AND ROLL!!! COLERIDGE BABY!! ROCK AND BLOODY ROOOOOLLLLLL!!!!!

The number twists and turns in and out of the light of a distant star; it blisters and burns and, uh, *radiates* with the force and the power of a nuclear reactor on wheels. The first time I heard '. . . Mariner' I just closed my eyes for a second and when I opened them again I was riding the back of a Hammerhead shark, on course for a rendezvous with some nasty looking amphibians . . . man, it was spooky!

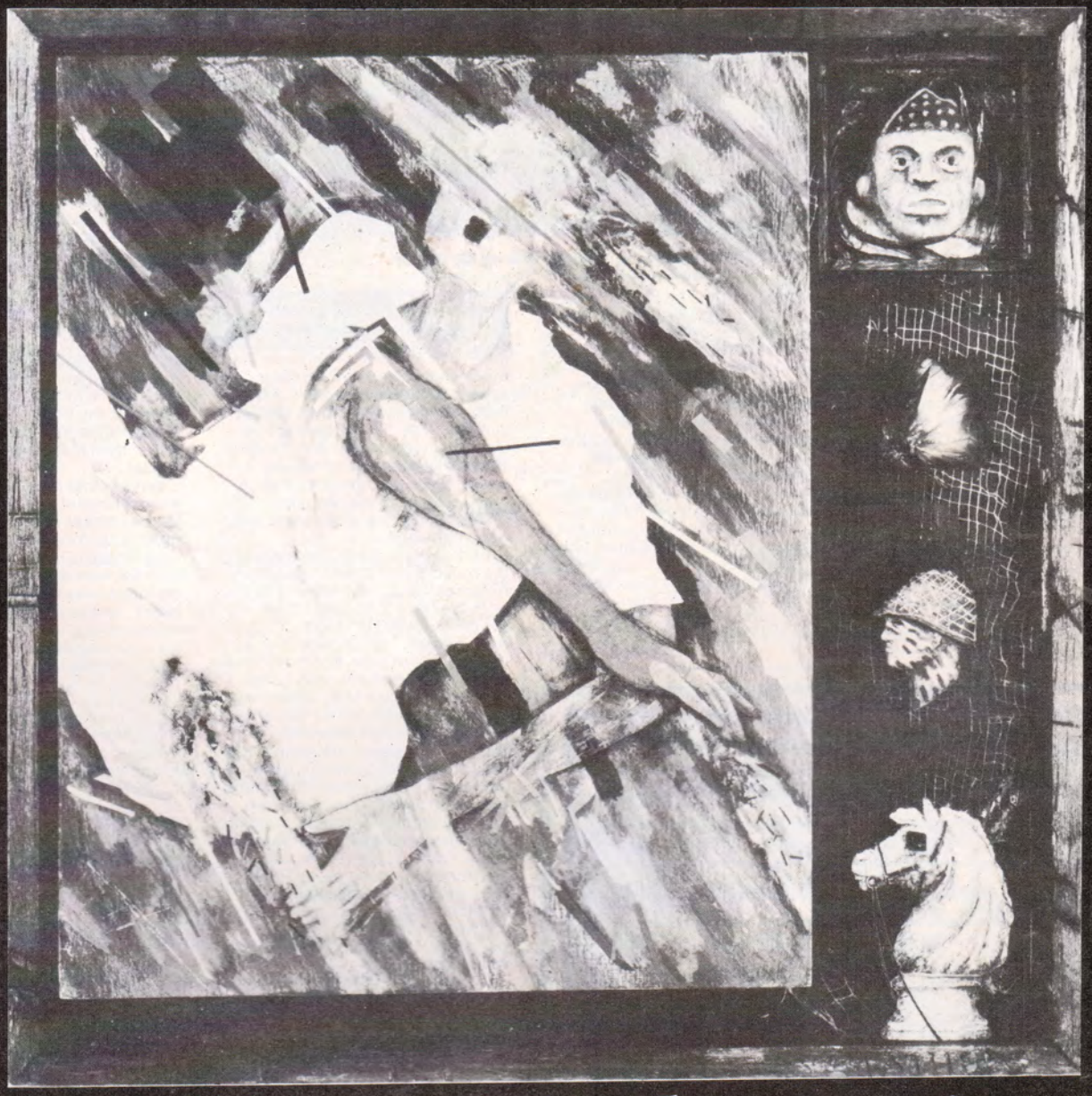
So, anyway, it's late . . . and gliding on the spectral plain between this world and the next there is a voice like broken glass speaking in tongues. And it is talking to YOU! All we're waiting for now is your reply . . .

MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 10

the

CULT



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ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 8

MICHAEL FURLONG
'Head On Rock 'N' Roll'
(Roadrunner RR9834)

AN UNASSUMING little package heralds Hawaii's Michael Furlong, an evidently cheap sleeve failing to do justice to the excellent record within. The album actually has that certain feel which usually belongs to a little-known classic that missed the boat and subsequently turned into a minor legend. Hopefully, Michael Furlong will prosper and flourish, though – he has the makings of another Billy Squier.

What we have here is the sort of honest, hard rock endeavour that kicked off Squier's solo career so effectively – nothing too florid but suitably gutsy, powerful. . . and *melodic*. There's a tendency for the hooklines to delve into the simplicity of pure pop, but Furlong's guitar keeps things firmly in rock territory.

Vocally, Furlong has a broken, throaty power that frequently makes him a deadringer for the excellent Jimmie Mack, and the tracks have a raucous quality that brings them to life. Killer in the bunch is the adrenalin surge of 'Right-a-way', which opens *Side Two* in colourful style, but it's hardly head and shoulders above its excellent compatriots. The thin sounding 'Two Hearts' is the only real clunker – totally uncharacteristic of the rest of the album, in fact – wherein former Hagar band member Chuck Ruff (what's he doing in Hawaii?) delivers an utterly pathetic drum track, despite contributing excellently elsewhere, most notably on the impressive 'Use It Or Lose It'.

MICHAEL FURLONG: a (Hono)lulu of an album

'Don't Gimme The Biz' isn't too hot if I'm going to be honest, a big, dirty sounding affair that fails to get into any sort of groove, but it hardly matters after the excellence of 'I've Got News For You', where Terry Petersen's sternly driving bass gives Furlong room for some inflammatory guitar colours. Some of the arrangements make for added interest, notably the slithering power of the title track, and there's always plenty going on thanks to the deft contributions of keyboard player Rich Haines, lifting the songs a shade above basic HR.

An excellent debut then, and hopefully a hit rather than a minor legend in the making. Oh yes, make sure you PLAY IT LOUD!

PAUL SUTER

BATTLEAXE
'Power From The Universe'
(Music For Nations MFN 25)

A DEFINITE move up and over from their dreary debut album 'Burn This Town', Battleaxe's second, 'Power From The Universe', finds the band climbing steadily up the Second Division league table. But it's the *Second* Division we're talking about, fight fans, and that's no place elegant or extravagant enough for a rock'n'roll heart like mine to bleed in. . .

Battleaxe have got the might and the muscle, and they're obviously not afraid to use it. Listening to the opening track 'Chopper Attack' in the office, even Dr. Doom dragged out his trusty old cardboard guitar for a couple of bars. But it didn't last long. Steve Hardy on lead guitar and drummer Ian McCormack know how to hit the Wipe-Out Button on all their intros and showpieces; it's just the songs themselves that let things down. Not enough meat between the legs; they don't know how to strut with any conviction.

And then there's the excruciating lead vocals of Dave King. 'Movin' Metal Rock', in particular, falls apart the moment he comes in. The lyrics are overly trite and the melody must have been dug up out of the cemetery, though the fires are burning bright down in the boiler room. Say yeah. . .

'Shout It Out' wants to be 'For Those About To Rock' when it grows up and leaves home, and why not? Anthemic chorus and trigger-happy lead lightning from the impressive Hardy ensure a safe enough ride through the garageland mechanics of auto-rock. The wheels sure do spin fast, eating up the highway like a proper dog's dinner on the climax of 'Make It In America'. If only you could be sure that the band were taking you somewhere hot and lively. As things stand presently, on tracks like 'Over The Top' I'd swear we were about two miles from the outskirts of somewhere as exotic as bleeding Slough, with the driver (Dave King again) asleep at the wheel.

If I had to put money on it, I'd bet that Battleaxe could give anybody with a penchant for workmanlike Heavy Metal a thoroughly enjoyable dose of the sweats, say at a venue like the Royal Standard on a Friday night. But when I go to sleep at night I dream of bigger and better things. My dreams are 'Krusher' Joule designed multi-coloured visions on giant polychromatic screens. Battleaxe are more of an old-fashioned black and white photo. . . nice to look at and completely forgettable.

MICK WALL

HARLEQUIN
'Harlequin'
(Epic 80096 import)

THE NEW Harlequin album features a guy on the sleeve who appears to be acting as a puppet, dangling on the tiniest of strings. Well, buddy, unwittingly or otherwise, you've hit the mark perfectly. This is not Harlequin running wild in the breeze, this is Harlequin dancing to someone else's tune – and that guy is producer Alfie Agius.

Naturellement, it was a bit of a blow to see anyone else in the hot seat other than Jack Douglas, mighty rock 'n' roll producer and the man who steered Harlequin through their first three magic operas. Yet the real horror was realised when the small blue print on the sleeve tried to sneak through the inconsequential info that all tracks were arranged by Alfie Agius. Inconsequential? INCONSEQUENTIAL?? Inconsequential my ass!

The awful Agius has successfully managed to neuter all the rock 'n' roll drive, all the aggressive edge that made Harlequin so much more than just a two-bit pop band! Where have all the good times gone? Where is the BLAM BLAM, for want of a better word? Why is this insipid rather than inspired? That man Agius!

But not that man Agius alone, for it must be said that on 'Harlequin' the band have come up with their most limp, most flaccid songs to date. There is really only one number here that matches any of their previous work, 'Take This Heart', and that merely serves as an ample reminder of what they could do so consistently in the past.

I don't mean to be personally insulting to Agius, but he has successfully dismantled all the rock 'n' roll potential from a once magnificent act. Try and find Glen Willows' guitar, it's a fun game for all the family! HOWARD JOHNSON

METAL VIRGINS
'Animal People'
(Thrash Metal MV1)

WE'VE ALL seen those old horror films where right from the beginning the audience is aware that something unspeakable lurks in the attic of the old house on the hill. The oddball couple who live there never allow any visitor to enter the house, but one day a hitch-hiker inadvertently arrives and, hearing strange noises, goes up the stairs to investigate. . .

'Animal People' by Metal Virgins is the musical equivalent of what he finds in that attic room. An utterly senseless, deranged and implacably hostile monster – a grotesque, jerky punk/Metal mutant unheeding of anything but its own need to make a noise.

Having been shut in the attic for such a long time, the creature doesn't realise that records nowadays are well-produced; it doesn't know that Metal music is played by capable musicians, and that anarcho-punk is a musical relic buried beneath the rubble of a hundred Crass concerts. *'Bastards, f**king bastards; you make me f**king sick!'*, it rants and raves for eight songs, shaking its guitars in ever more feeble rage until the hitch-hiker, appalled by the vision he has stumbled across, slams the door and escapes back to the real world.

The monster goes on making the noise, still unaware that, although it was funny once, nobody buys this crap any more. DAVID SINCLAIR

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 12

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US Magazine
"The funniest rock movie ever made"
Los Angeles Magazine
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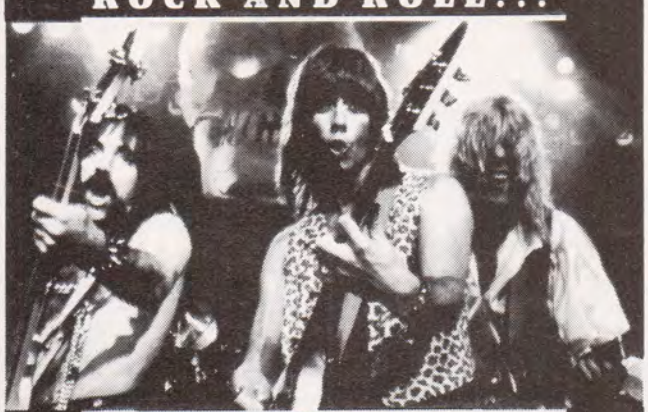
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ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 10

DENNIS DE YOUNG
'Desert Moon'
(A&M Records AMLX 65006)

DENNIS DE YOUNG'S first solo album is a difficult one to assess. It comprises eight tracks, of which four are worth some serious attention and at least one – a cover of the Jimi Hendrix toon 'Fire' – is a *bona fide* rock and roll klassik . . . as for the rest, I just *know* I'll probably never play them again.

Written and produced by De Young, the arrangements are first class, the production quite superbly contrived, bringing the full weight of the infamous De Young personality right into your living room. You can almost feel him breathing down your neck.

Were there just a little more *soul* in evidence, a little more blood spilled on to the grooves, this could very nearly be a great album.

Side One is the predominantly rocky side and, with the sole exception of 'Fire', suffers accordingly. Opening with the Springsteen-esque 'Don't Wait For Heroes', De Young's voice, as always, sounds quite superb. Guitarist Tom Dziallo rips away at those power chords, playing with a distinctly bluesy feel. In fact, as the album progresses, from the lacklustre 'Please', through the arty-party-time mood-swing of 'Boys Will Be Boys' to 'Fire', Dziallo practically steals the show away from De Young, grabbing the spotlight at every conceivable turn.

Side Two is the real McCoy, though. The title track 'Desert Moon' – which will be released as a single some time in October – is a typical De Young balladic waltz through the story of one lonely superstar missing his baby. Very much in the mould of 'Babe', you can expect this one to hit the US singles charts very big indeed.

'Suspicious' is a bluesy shuffle-and-grind with some serious soul-searching from the plaintive silver-throated voice of young Dennis. While 'Gravity' and the closer 'Dear Darling (I'll Be There)' move with the style we've come to expect from the man, and, truthfully, when De Young makes up his mind to weep out loud into his microphone, it's time to break out the *Kleenex*, boys and girls!

Ultimately, 'Desert Moon' wipes the floor with the last two Styx albums and if it does well in America then, seriously folks, I think the days of Styx are well and truly numbered . . .

MICK WALL

DENNIS DE YOUNG: "Bring me the head of Mick Wall"

THE RODS
'Let Them Eat Metal'
(Music For Nations MFN 29)

IF TRUTH be told, 'Let Them Eat Metal' is an unspectacular American HM album by an unspectacular American HM band. There's the scantily-clad tart on the cover, the macho poses on the back, the normal orgy of riffs, the furious solos, the usual *clichés* and the obligatory 'I'm A Rocker' song. But, to their credit, the Rods play with a verve and proficiency which mercifully hauls them above the average mark and makes them listenable.

Most of the songs were written by guitarist/singer David 'Rock' Feinstein, but the two best cuts were both penned by beefy beat-boy Carl Canedy.

'She's So Tight', an AC/DC-ish stomp, is perhaps the catchiest song on the album, while 'Got The Fire Burnin'' is a hard-hitting up-tempo rocker of pleasing persuasion.

Feinstein's best offering is 'Rock Warriors' which compensates for its oh-so ordinary verses with a memorable chorus. But the rest, like 'Nuclear Skies', 'Bad Blood', 'I'm A Rocker', 'She's Such A Bitch' and the title track, aren't worth shouting about.

A special mention, though, for 'White Lightning' which has a neat acoustic interlude, suggesting that the Rods are capable of something a little less predictable.

But overall I'd say that each Rod is a competent musician wasting his talents on stuff we've heard a million and one times before.

MARK PUTTERFORD

EXPORT
'Contraband'
(Epic BFE 39376 import)

OH YES, I remember them – if *'The People That Time Forgot'* had been about British bands then Export would doubtless have been in there, fate unknown. Yet, here they are with an American record deal; Export exported to Britain (but will the album get a UK release? I doubt it).

Several UK bands have recently picked up US deals and most of them have been surprising choices, none more so than Export, though Demon (Atlantic) and Lionheart (CBS) run them close.

It's difficult to come down hard on Export; they're a likeable bunch of Liverpudlians and they haven't made a bad record. They haven't made an inspiring one either, though, and therein lies the rub. 'Contraband' is sturdy, reliable stuff, but the production of Bob Feineigle doesn't dress up the mundanity of the material enough to keep the mind from wandering. The approach is strongly reminiscent of Rage (RIP) and the co-writing credit for ex-Rage vocalist Dave Lloyd on 'Roll Little Sister' doesn't make it any more like Rage than the other eight tracks!

Basic rock 'n' roll enlivened a little

CONTINUES PAGE 27

WANTED

W.A.S.P. WOMAN

GIRLS, HERE'S your big chance to indulge in a bit of fame and fun with some of the wildest boys this side of the Rocky Mountains. Yes, it's those wacky W.A.S.P. people!

Straight from the hip, W.A.S.P. need a (lucky?) female to tie to their rack live on stage throughout their forthcoming UK tour (see last issue for details), and possibly their European stint as well. Interested? Well, steady your nerves ladies cos here come the sordid details. . .

For *three minutes* during each gig (the number **'Tormentor'**, to be precise) the lady in question will be ceremonially 'tortured' by frontman/bassist **Blackie Lawless**. She must be over 18 and she *must* be shapely, if Blackie is to perform at his peak. She will be required to wear a leather bikini and a sack over her head(!) which the band are happy to supply. She'll be able to travel with the guys on the W.A.S.P.W.A.G.O.N throughout the tour. There's no money but there is a guarantee of F.U.N!

BLACKIE: he wants your name, rack and serial number. . .

Pic Chris Walter

If you want to audition then send a good quality photo, displaying your feminine attributes, along with your age, address and, *very important*, your telephone number to the following address:

W.A.S.P. WOMAN, 12, Ogle Street, London W1P 7LG.

Auditions will take place on Friday/Saturday, 14th/15th of September.

By the way, fight-fans, W.A.S.P. will be making a personal appearance at **Shades Records, 13/14 St. Annes Court, London W1** on **Saturday, September 15** at **1.00pm.** They will be signing records and pix for all that want them.

Meantime, it seems a distinct possibility that drummer Tony Richards may have parted company with the band.

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And the sound is the eighties.
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SINGLES

Reviewed by NIKKI SIXX and MICK MARS of MÖTLEY CRÜE. Order kept by LAURA CANYON.

IT'S A tough job but someone's got to do it. Eleven o'clock in the morning, the pubs haven't even opened, and here I am, tied to an office chair, being force-fed the likes of Slayer and ex-Pavlov's Dog pablum.

But there are compensations. Two of them. Nikki Sixx and Mick Mars of Mötley Crüe to be precise (the other two members of MC are sensibly sleeping off hangovers), who've dropped into the Kerrang! *HQ to give their humble opinions on the latest cartload of HM plastic. So, with the fragrance of* Flex Net *and leather smelling-salting me back into existence, off we go. . .*

WRATHCHILD: 'Alrite With The Boys' (Heavy Metal Records)

Nikki: "That's me like when I was 16, playing in bands."

Laura: You played old Gary Glitter songs?

Nikki: "Is that what it is? It doesn't sound like it. It sounds like 1970 with a Chinnichap production. It sounds a little too straightforward, though. It doesn't sound sleazy enough. I like the punk attitude it has, but it's too cut and chopped."

Laura: Trying too hard to be a good glam band?

Nikki: "Exactly."

Mick: "Let's put it this way: they look a lot heavier than they play."

Nikki: "Next!"

SLAYER: 'Haunting The Chapel' EP (Metal Blade Records)

Nikki (Desperately locating his ears under the shagdo and plugging them up): "Get it off! I absolutely hate it!"

Laura: You've only given it five notes. Leave it on, it's a good cure for hangovers.

Nikki: "That just makes me want to drink more."

Mick (Falling off the typing chair in fits of helpless laughter): "Listen to the guitar solo!"

Laura: Only someone with hummingbird hands could imaginary-solo to that.

Nikki (Making a milk-curdling face): "Come on, turn it off, it's horrible! The Wrathchild song is more anthemy at least, it's catchy even if it isn't our favourite style. This thing is just a fast, horrible noise."

Laura: So you think Slayer will go far?

Mick: "I think they'll go as far as the *Troubadour Club* in Los Angeles."

MOTÖRHEAD: 'Killed By Death' (Bronze)

Nikki (Before he's even heard the record): "I know a lot of people who like them. I can't *stand* them – I never really paid attention because it was too fast."

Laura: This song's brilliant, though. I haven't enjoyed anything so much since I dreamt that Steve Perry got eaten whole by giant lugworms.

Mick: "Listen – it's got a great guitar sound; good drum sound too."

Nikki (snapping to attention): "They've never sounded like *this* before! It's got more sex to it. It was always too fast before. Lemmy sounds a bit like Paul Stanley. No, more like Gene, I guess. The best so far. This could be as big as 'You've Got Another Thing Coming' by Judas Priest. A big, sleazy sound."

Mick (joining in the general foot-tapping and signs of approval): "It's got a groove, a great sound."

Nikki: "It's just great. Can I have it?"

SIREN: 'Deceiving Lies' (Distant Cousins)

Nikki (Examining the girl on the Wrathchild album sleeve): "This chick's hot, man! Look at this, Mick."

Laura: What about this one?

Nikki: "Is this a girl singing? Well, it's better than Slayer, I guess."

Mick: "The mix and the production are real poor – so is the whole sound."

Nikki: "I thought it sounded old, like a Kinks type of sound, or some new wave band out of LA, and we despise them. Next!"

DAVID SURKAMP: 'Louie Louie' (Butt)

Nikki: "The 'Louie Louie'? Nah, must be another one. F**k, it *is.* I'm bummed! That was one of my favourite songs and he's just ruined it. Who is he?"

Laura: He used to be in Pavlov's Dog. This is his first solo effort, I think. I hope.

Nikki: "I've heard of those guys. Maybe he should have stayed there. (Turns the record player to 33). What kind of a version is this? We know the song, we don't like the singing, let's move on to something else."

Laura: So it's got no redeeming qualities?

Nikki: "The song's great, that's all. Someone *good* should re-do it."

MAMA'S BOYS: 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now' (Jive)

Nikki: "It's much better than Quiet Riot's version. Quiet Riot sound much too close to Slade – nothing wrong with that, but if you're going to do a remake, at least try to make it a bit original. This thing's neat."

Mick: "It's much better than Quiet Riot's."

Laura: I wonder how QR feel about this?

Nikki: "I don't think they knew this band was going to do it. Our old band used to do this one (he does a quick imaginary guitar solo). Is the rest of the record like this? Yeah? Then they're going to be a big band."

TRANCE: 'Heavy Metal Queen' (Rockport import)

Nikki: "That's cool. The best so far. Where are these guys from?"

Laura: Guess.

Nikki: "England? Germany? Germany! All these Germans sound the same, huh?"

Laura: Look the same, too. (Examining the picture disc). *This one's a deadringer for Rudolf Schenker.*

Nikki: "Yeah. I like the lyrics. I like the way everyone else goes 'oh, yeah' and they go 'oh, jah'. I like Mötorhead better, but I could listen to this driving around getting drunk. It's, like, great music to listen to before you go out; it makes you feel rowdy, makes you feel like rock 'n' roll. I like that kind of stuff. Like, there's some records I put on right before I go out to the clubs or something, because they make you feel cocky, and this is one of them."

TOKYO BLADE: 'Lightning Strikes' (Powerstation)

Nikki: "It sounds like Def Leppard did when I heard them first of all – kind of undeveloped. They could develop into a good band, but the song's not that good. It's also too long – you lose interest after a while. If you could hear them with a great song like 'Foolin" or something, they could be a really big band."

HELIX: 'Rock You' (Capitol)

Nikki (Indulging in some severe noon-day headbanging): "Yeah, this is good. I like the name. I'm going to get this record. It's great, a great song, the sleaziest so far. Cool. I've heard one other song by them before. I think Helix are great. They could be huge in the States. It's anthem rock, like old Alice Cooper, and very, very sleazy. You can feel it right in your stomach."

Laura: Really?

Nikki: "Well, a little lower than your stomach. You know what I mean."

Mick: "Uh-huh."

Y&T: 'Don't Stop Runnin' ' (A&M)

Nikki: "This is a great song. You don't like it?!"

Laura: I don't know, it just sounds like they've lost their edge to me. Why do so many US bands have to sound as polished as Lemmy's new dental work?

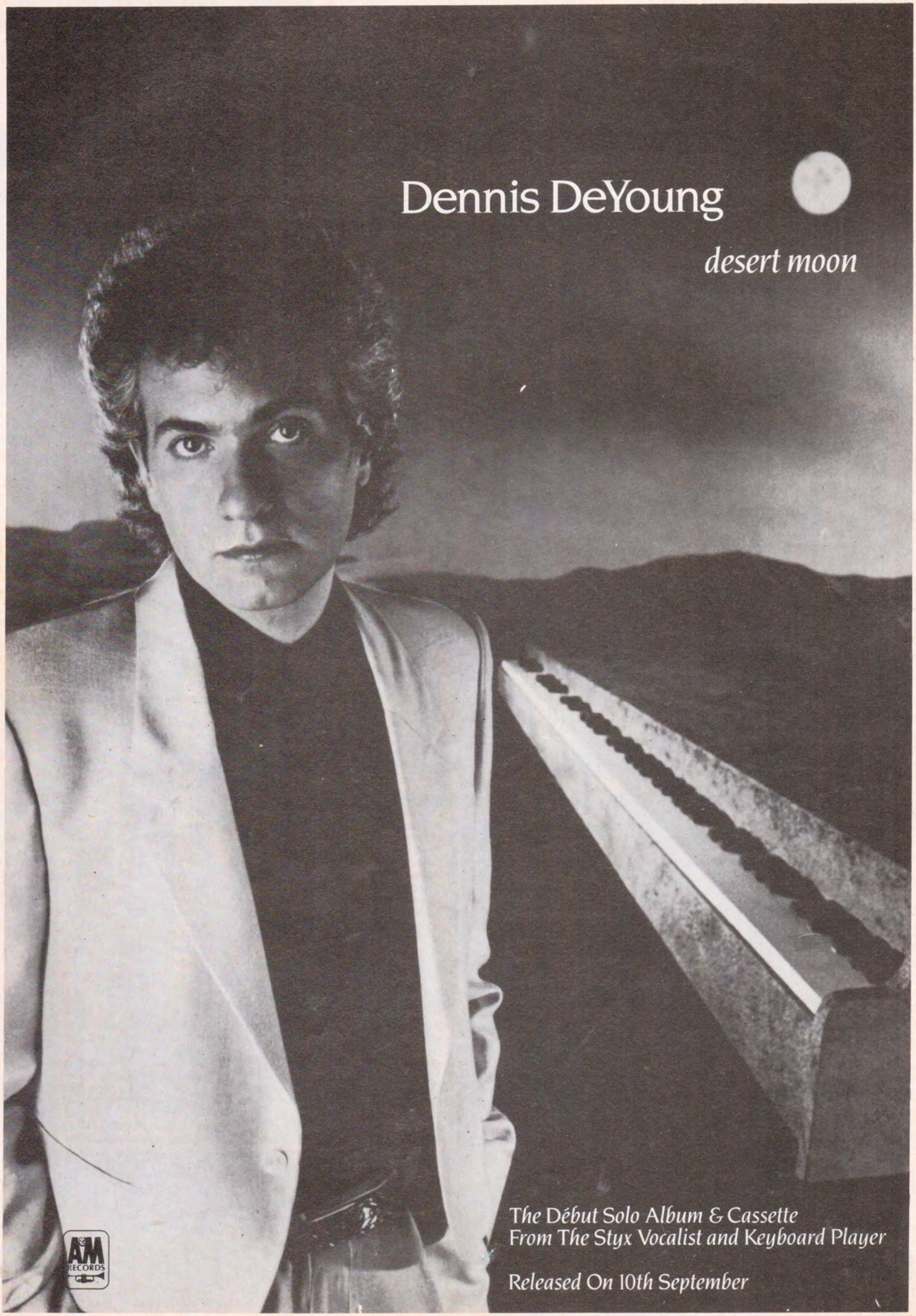
Nikki: "I know what you're saying about the power. But this one's got melody, and a nice groove too. Good to have sex to – *real* sexual. I like something that catches you quick."

Laura: Excepting social diseases.

Nikki: "I guess it's from listening to American radio. Like, I think the whole thing is in the groove really, and this song's got it. I love it."

Mick: "Uh-huh."

THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY: PAGE 35


Dennis DeYoung
desert moon
The Début Solo Album & Cassette
From The Styx Vocalist and Keyboard Player
Released On 10th September
A&M RECORDS

KILLERWATT

PAUL HENDERSON reports from the recent British Music Fair

WELL, IT wasn't quite Los Angeles '84. The opening ceremony lacked a bit of that LA razzamatazz: "OK, we're open. Get in the queue and sign 'ere." Where was the rocket man, the big speech and the flag waving?

Security was in evidence when trying to get in but not, unfortunately, when getting out; which led to poor Chris Eccleshall having a handful of axes 'half-inched' during the first couple of hours.

The British Music Fair was held in its now familiar setting – several hotels around London's Russell Square. Many exhibitors shared hotels with coach loads of bewildered Scandinavian tourists who, after taking a wrong turning looking for the dining room, found themselves being accosted by sales reps force-feeding them the finer points of some new twin pick-up funk machine or matchbox-sized digital drum computer. "Huh? Vot is exchange rate and please how I get to the Harrods?"

The BMF loses a bit of sparkle because of the fact that most companies unveil the really new stuff at either the NAMM or Frankfurt mega-shows. However, there were still a number of interesting displays and one or two pleasant surprises. Certainly the dominant feature of the show was provided by the plethora of headless guitars and tremelo systems (street term: wang bars). These, it appears, are what the manufacturers have decided to be the current 'big thing'; and nobody was going to get left behind.

WESTONE Spectrum III

The **WASHBURN** stand housed some particularly attractive guitars and basses, the centre of attention being the 'Tour 24' series in a distinctive finish of black with red edging. Their headless 'Bantam' range now includes bass (£559), guitar (£589) and double neck (£899); the theme is continued with headless versions of the 'Force' series basses. And all non-active basses are now available with active circuitry for an additional £28. On the finishes alone, Washburn are on to a winner. Add to that some very good construction and sound quality and they seem destined to make quite an impact. (Enq. Washburn: **01 449 7765**).

'Going for gold' on the **YAMAHA** floor was the new SG1300TS; a mean-looking, all-black six string with a new tremelo system. At £579 it certainly ain't cheap, but if Yamaha's previous track record is anything to go by it should find some enthusiastic takers at the professional end of the market. Alongside the similarly pricey (£699) BB3000 bass was a new low-cost version – the BB1600 – at £449. I'm told that the hardware on the two is the same and that the only real difference is that the 3000 has a through neck whereas the 1600's is a bolt-on. Recent Yamaha convert Carl Palmer took time off from recording the new Asia album to cast an enthusiastic eye over the excellent deep shell 9000 recording series drums, to which has now been added an 8" deep snare. How much did ya pay for the new kit then, Carl?! (Enq. Yamaha/**Kemble: 0908 71771**).

Sticking with things percussive, the fairly new **TRAK** drum kits represent a good deal, with the five drum TR205P kit at £489 and the more sophisticated TR405P at £775. At its price, the 205 seems like very good value for money. Construction and finishing is of a high standard and the stands are well-designed and solid enough to take a reasonable amount of abuse. (Enq. **FCN: 0732 366421**).

If you're into electronic drums but don't like the feel of Simmons-type pads, then **TAMA**'s new electronic kit is worth checking out. It offers similar facilities to the familiar Simmons kit, but with tensionable skins as the playing surfaces. (Enq. **Summerfield: 0632 770431**).

WESTONE guitars dominated the FCN stand with an impressive display which included the new 'Thunder Jet' guitar and 'Thunder Jet' bass (£149 and £159 respectively), both finished in dull black with black hardware. Neat! Also, in keeping with the current trend were three (you guessed it) new headless bass models which seemed to be attracting a fair amount of attention. With Westone guitars, Trak drums and Zildjian cymbals (including the new 'Impulse' range), FCN have some hot properties. (Enq. FCN: 0732 366421).

Rose-Morris were also in there with a new **VOX** headless bass at £299, Vox 'White Shadow' bass at £183 and 'White Shadow' guitar with tremelo at £199. The 'Venue' series combos (*Killerwatt*, issue 65) are now available in 30 watt as well as 100 watt versions (30 watt lead combo £155; 30 watt bass £139). They also had three new effects modules for the **KORG PME** effects system (*Killerwatt*, issue 71), of which the 'Octave V' is a monster: individually adjustable levels for normal, 1, 1½ and 2 octaves down and 1 octave up, plus variable level of distortion on each of these; overall output level and noise gate. Gold 'pedal medal' for the best effect of the show. (Enq. **Rose-Morris: 01 267 5151**).

WASHBURN A-20 V 'Stage' series guitar (left) and 'Tour 24'

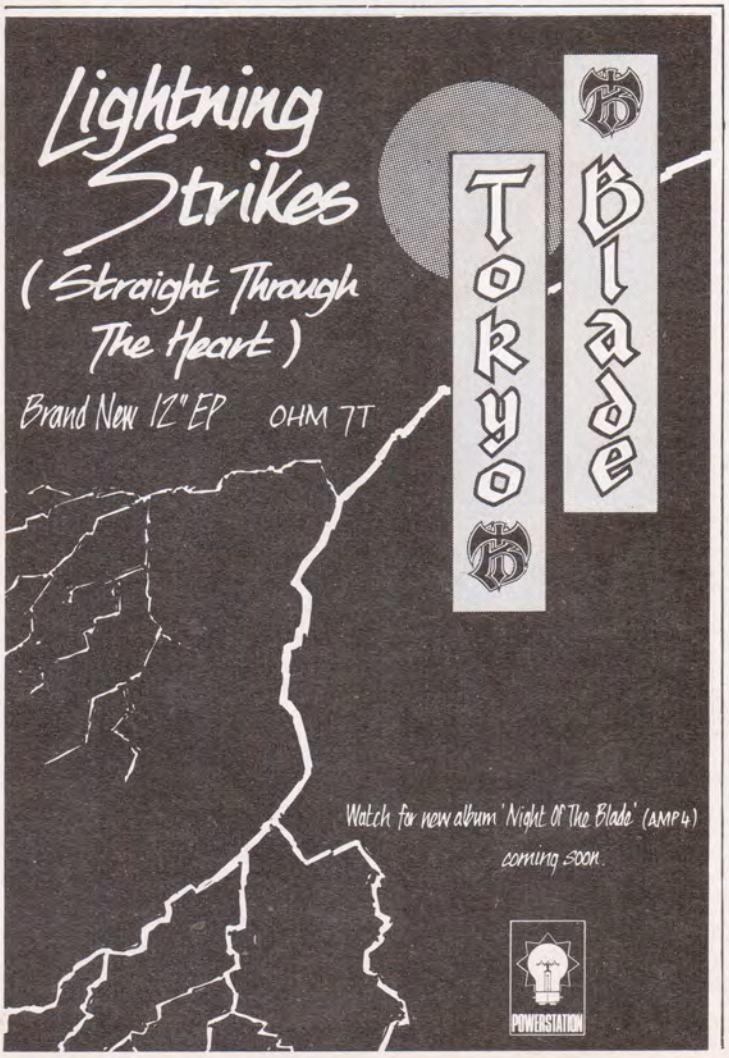
As well as some tasty new tiger stripe finishes on some of their guitars, **ARIA** had a new, flight-cased GB5 pedal board which houses a range of dual-stage effects. When the pedal is switched on an enhancement of the effect can be achieved by holding it down. (Enq. **Gigsville: 01 897 3792**).

In the amplification field Britain's brightest gold medal hope – Marshall – were conspicuous by their absence, so it was up to the likes of **LANEY** and **OHM** to carry the flag. Both had some high quality gear on show, with Ohm's GA140 graphic bass combo and Laney's Pro-Tube amp heads (30, 50 and 100 watts) and Pro-Session combos being worthy of further investigation. (Enq. Laney: **0384 633821**. Ohm: **0565 54641**).

Also worth checking out, particularly in view of their low prices, are the six strings in the **QUEST** range. The Quest 'Atak 5' at £189 sounded very good indeed. Neat shape too. (Enq. **Musical Entertainment: 01 267 5151**).

And if it's a fancy paint job you're after, then **HONDO**, whose finishes include spider web, black & white chequerboard and 'Explosion Starburst', should have something gross enough for you. (Enq. **John Hornby Skewes: 0532 865381**).

In fact, looking at that 'Explosion Starburst' made me feel quite dizzy, at which point I headed off in search of refreshment. Obviously, there was much more on display than I've got space to mention, but hopefully some of the stuff will be covered in forthcoming reviews.



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BEST OF BRITISH

Continuing our series on upcoming bands on the British rock scene. . .

DI'ANNO

". . . the live presentation of the material is something that the band can be proud of . . ."

PAUL DI'ANNO may hardly look the archetypal heavy rock vocalist, being slightly spare-tyreish around the midriff and in need of a touch of that old *Vidal Sassoon* hair restoration treatment around the crown. But the fact is that his unique stage presence and distinctive vocal approach has earned him a loyal following amongst the rock 'n' roll clientele. Indeed, there are still many Iron Maiden *aficionados* who hold the 'rough-hewn stable boy' in higher esteem than Bruce 'air raid siren' Dickinson, despite the latter's undeniable vocal superiority. It's hard to put your finger on exactly what, but Paul Di'Anno definitely has *something!*

What the man has on offer in concrete terms is a debut album available on the *FM* label (that's *Heavy Metal Records* to plebs like you and me!) that is particularly purposeful in its pursuit of the more commercial end of the heavy rock spectrum. It surprised me somewhat to note the manner in which Di'Anno's raw vocal hollering complemented, rather than denigrated, the album's strong sense of songmanship.

Di'Anno have recently played selected gigs with new, former Waysted drummer Frank Noon in the line-up, to positive critical/punter approval. How has the band's focal point found the experience of being back up on stage?

"It's been so long since I played any gigs that it really is quite a novelty, but I've really enjoyed it. It's been odd to go out on stages that are no bigger than my living room, but the reaction has been excellent so far, so I'm not complaining!

"We've had a few musical problems, because Frank only rehearsed with us five times before we set out to play the dates. It doesn't help because we have a lot of strange accents in our songs! Actually, one night we were playing 'Tales Of The Unexpected' and Frank went into one of Waysted's numbers! I guess it makes things more interesting!"

Surprisingly, Paul seems unaware of the progress his album has made . . .

"I really couldn't tell you any sales figures for the record. I think it entered the UK charts at 180 and nearly made it to the top 100 (it reached 105), but I haven't bothered to find out any exact figures. I'm surprised the album did that well because people tend to forget about you in five minutes. What's more, relatives in Italy have told me that the LP is selling a lot on import over there!"

Typically off-the-wall, as you might expect from a man who shifted from the headbangingest band in the UK, Iron Maiden, to the ultra-commercial approach of Di'Anno.

"I must admit, I'm enjoying the new band a lot more than Maiden because it's more my gig. I only provided the odd set of lyrics for Maiden, but I'm much more involved in songwriting and presentation now. I know exactly how I want to display Di'Anno."

THE UNIT assembled around Di'Anno is very much in the 'tight but loose' vein, with guitarists Lee Slater and PJ Ward trading the smoothest of melodies across the harmonious backdrop of Mark Venables' keyboard tapestry. And the live presentation of the material is something that the band can be proud of.

"Yeah, we're slowly getting the feel of what we want to do in the live environment. We want to be comfortable on stage, go for a clear, presentable sound, loud but balanced. People who heard the record and thought it was a bit wimpy have seen us live and remarked how powerful the sounds are!"

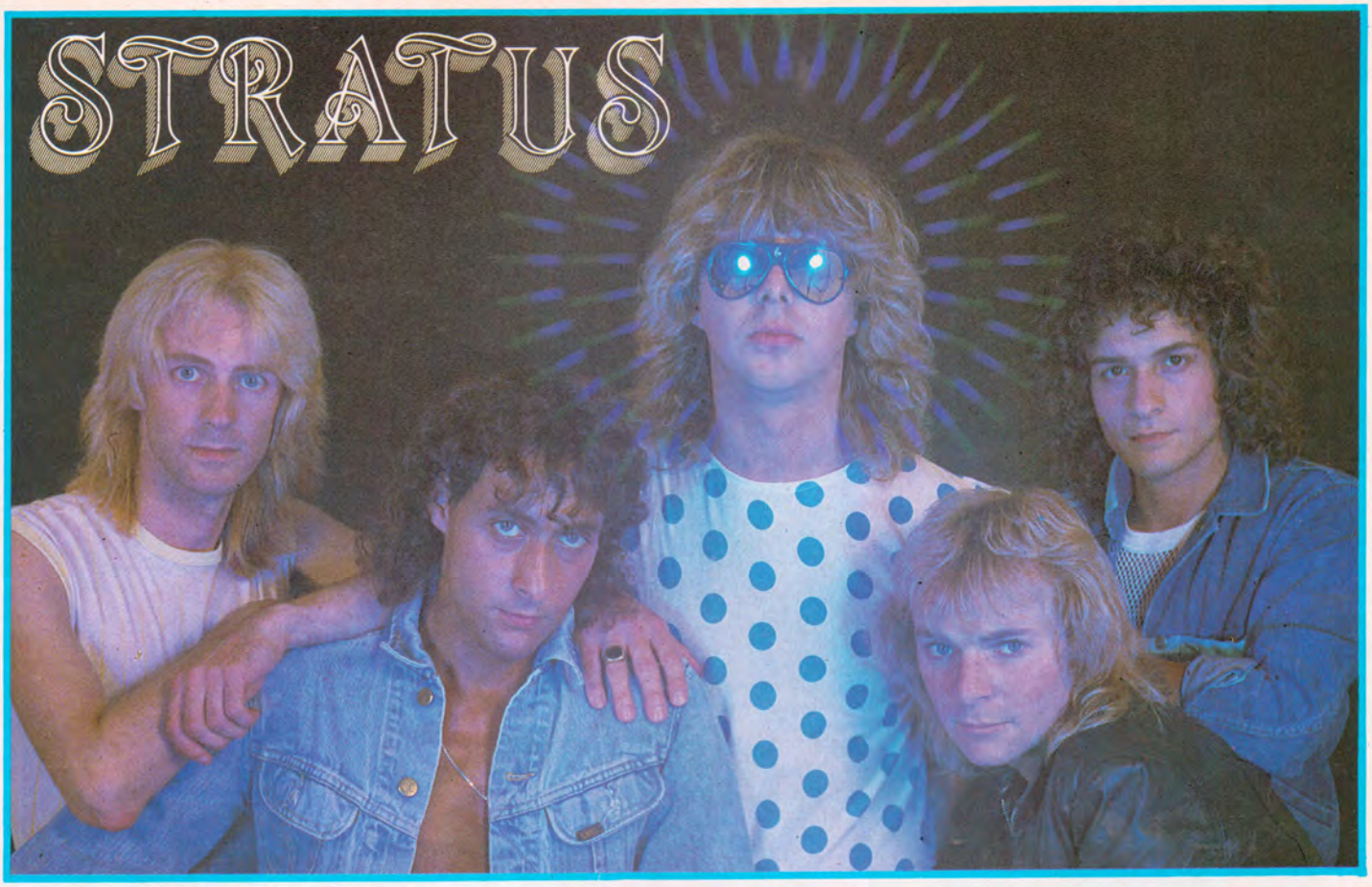
Di'Anno the man regards Di'Anno the band as very much a long-term proposition; a worldwide prospect.

"We think we're going to record the second album in November, so we'd better get a move on because we've only got three new songs written! Then we'll probably tour Japan at the end of the year and think of the States for '85. I once reckoned that our style of music would be best suited to the US, but after the reaction we've had in the UK so far, maybe we'll try and get some momentum going over here first!"

The album is certainly good enough for fans of the genre to consider purchasing the wares on offer, and if you do, I'm sure you'll make an old stalwart very happy – keep him in fags for a few more months, anyway! **HOWARD JOHNSON**

Pic Ray Palmer

STRATUS



Pic Ray Palmer

". . . Indeed their music is impressive, following the Mantis commercial rock angle far more than Maiden Metal . . ."

ER . . . EXCUSE me squire, but is this not the NWONWOBHM that we're confronted with here?! I don't know how many of you have memories that will elasticate and stretch back to the heady days of 1979, but at that time the words 'New Wave Of British Heavy Metal' were on everyone's lips. It might have been a touch of a tongue-twister, rather verbose in its magnitude, but bands such as Iron Maiden, Saxon, Sledgehammer, Samson, Praying Mantis and Angel Witch made NWOBHM an essential collection of capitals.

Five years on, Metallic movements seem to have come full circle and the Bulldog Breed (BB rolls off the tongue a hell of a lot easier than its predecessor!) are making a sound stand for home-grown Metal once more. Yet, while Stratus are obviously worthy of inclusion in this here round-up, the band's line-up is chock-a-block with familiar faces from those halcyon '79 days.

Drummer Clive Burr (ex-Iron Maiden/Samson), bassist Chris Troy and brotherly guitarist Tino (both formerly of Praying Mantis), vocalist Bernie Shaw (ex-Grand Prix/Praying Mantis) and keyboardist Alan Nelson (amazingly ex-no-one!) have brought their talents together in Stratus, and while the backgrounds of band personnel may reak of an incestuous relationship where old faves do their mates a favour, the Stratus standard of rock 'n' roll is high.

"You've gotta come from somewhere," states Clive Burr philosophically, "but we're not selling ourselves on past glories."

At least not now they ain't! From its original incarnation as Clive Burr's Escape, the band has arrived at its fine layer of Stratus rock *via* the lion/tiger amalgam of Tigon. Why so many name changes when the band hasn't even released vinyl product yet?

"We were happy enough with Clive Burr's Escape," says the band's mainman, "but we were informed by another company, by way of a writ (laughs), that they had an act called the Escape who they didn't want to see eclipsed. We had to change the name, so we settled on Tigon only to find that there are 38 other companies with that name, including a laundry firm, so we opted for Stratus with its subtle connotation of a sub-stratum of rock."

VERY CEREBRAL, I'm sure, but the meat 'n' potatoes of rock 'n' roll, the *music*, has been well taken care of already. Despite the lack of a deal ("We're negotiating with several majors and *CBS* in Japan are very interested"), the band have already recorded an album in Frankfurt enabling them to present interested parties with finished product.

"We wanted to record an album to keep up the momentum we'd started by gigging," says Clive. "We paid for the recording ourselves; we didn't just sit on our arses and wait for the majors to bite, and it was excellent for the band as a unit to work together for nine weeks in a foreign country. We became much closer and the music improved as a result."

Indeed, the music *is* impressive, following the Mantis commercial rock angle far more than Maiden Metal. Songs such as 'Back Street Lovers' and 'Even If It Takes' show that the band have their finger on a particularly neat songwriting pulse.

"We're pleased with the album. We weren't in Abbey Road Studios, but then again the place wasn't valve-driven either. It felt like a new band should, starting from scratch. The material might surprise some people but whatever came out that we liked, we used. We didn't want to construct any barriers, we wanted to be able to record anything at all, to be not only a heavy rock band, but also a commercial rock band and a ballad rock band."

Produced by Norman Goodman (whose previous engineering credits include the Moody Blues and Kiki Dee – but don't be fooled!), the album is up there with the best in the melodic hard rock sphere. The band are happy, and you should feel the same. All that remains is for Stratus to get the product out and head roadwards.

"When I was with Maiden I was touring for nine months at a time. It was tough and I never thought I'd miss it. I thought I'd be a pipe and slippers man, but with this new band I'm so excited that I can't wait to get back on tour!"

HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE OVER

RAVEN

". . . expected to sign a worldwide deal with CBS affiliate HME. . ."

WHILST RAVEN have virtually disappeared from the British scene, Stateside they've been making people sit up and take notice. Following their recent coast-to-coast tour, the trio have been working on a new studio album with producer Norman Dunne and engineer Tony Zoo at *Pyramid Sound Studios* in Ithaca (New York). Titled 'Stay Hard', it'll be issued in the next few months on *Neat* (UK) and probably *Megaforce* (US).

A video for the title cut is to be shot with director Jim Soto, though Raven's involvement with Soto goes beyond one promotional 'shoot'. In fact, the boys have contributed three songs (including the title track) to the soundtrack of his upcoming movie 'Hot Moves' (said to be a rock 'n' roll party film) and Soto himself has directed the threesome in a separate video for the 'Hot Moves' ditty, due to be premiered on *MTV* during mid-October. Raven are also expected to make a significant contribution to the revamped soundtrack for the Sixties cult sensation 'El Topo', a film due to be exhumed and re-issued soon.

There's also a live album in the can. Tentatively titled 'Live In The Inferno', it should be out early next year as the first release under the fellas' expected new worldwide label liaison with recently formed *CBS* affiliate *HME*. This will be followed during mid-1985 by yet another studio opus likely to be helmed by 'a major producer'; a re-recorded version of 'Hard Ride' (from their first LP) will be included.

If all this wasn't enough, the band will also be taking to the road during early September for selected US dates.

Given all this activity, is it any wonder that *HME* – as part of the new deal – insisted that Raven take out two insurance policies with Lloyds Of London? One for the whole group and one just for 'Wacko', who has broken his wrist on two occasions in the recent past after manic onstage performances!

MALCOLM DOME

Pix Kevin Hodgson

RAVEN (from left): Mark Gallagher (guitar), Rob 'Wacko' Hunter (drums), John Gallagher (bass/vocals)

ROCK SOLIDARITY!

(Iron) curtain call for (IRON) MAIDEN. HOWARD JOHNSON joins the band on their first ever tour of Poland. Pix ROSS HALFIN

"EEE, IT'S supposed to be a feature about t'bloody band, I've got nowt to do wi'it!"

Well, sorry to disappoint you again Rod, me old mate, but we have to commence our torrid tale of Iron Maiden road fever with that world-renowned figure, Rod 'Henry The Eighth' Smallwallet, notorious Maiden managerial mentor and the man who has saved the entire mothball manufacturing empire from collapse! Step back in amazement if you will, for I'm about to expose the legendary Smallwallet stinginess for the umpteenth time. As the geezer himself so proudly states, "I'm a bloody Yorkshireman!" Talk about digging your own grave! We all know the Tykes' desire to procure something for nothing, and we all know of this writer's kind-heartedness (who said gullibility?), so *that* is why our feature commences with yours truly seated on the Iron Maiden tour bus not gigging, ligging or swigging . . . but writing BLOODY POSTCARDS!

Yeah, you thought it was all boogie, boogie, boogie and fun, fun, fun, out on the road. But when King Roderick is footing the bill, then you *know* you'll pay for it somehow!

Admittedly, sending 2000 postcards isn't too bad. After all, the Baron drives you hard enough in the pen-pushing environment. It's the message that's stamped onto 'em that worries me! *'Iron Maiden. The World Slavery Tour starts here. Warsaw, August 9th 1984. Powerslave is coming'*. Er, excuse me, but what am I, more familiar with the Pooles and Portsmouths of this world, doing here in Polska?! As Ross 'Ozzy' Halfin had so rightly proclaimed: "I don't wanna spend my birthday in Poland!" This had to be a wind-up!

Actually, no. We're here, Ross, myself, and the Humphrey Bogart of the lenses, 'Crazy' George Bodnar, on a mission from England, to witness Iron Maiden storming through the land of Jaruzelski, Lech Walesa and his Holiness the Pope, noting and snapping the band behind the Iron Curtain. Wind-up it most definitely ain't! And therein lies a tale!

Wind-ups. Smallwallet loves 'em – and so does the band! And as Halfin is in league with the man, you can guess who was in the firing line!

Rod 'Henry The Eighth' Smallwallet (left) and 'Big' John Harte: the expedition begins. . .

In fact, it all started back in the mists of West Germany. Getting a bit complicated, eh? Well, hang loose and you'll be enlightened.

It transpired that we three desperados had to obtain Polish visas in Cologne of all places, but dodgy Rodney had informed yours truly that there might be a problem with my long hair! Subversive type 'n' all that. The band were OK, I was told, because they were 'errrm . . . artists', but myself, not a chance! Cutting was out of the question of course, but I agreed to wear a hat on arrival at Warsaw airport!

"We were all pissing ourselves when you put your hair up," cracked Steve 'Harry' Harris after the event. Ha, bloody, ha! Iron Maiden had better be damned good after this one. One-nil to them!

OF COURSE, when you tackle 'Arris' 'Erberts you know that you're dealing with thoroughbreds. What's the point of me being here, eh? Iron Maiden don't fail . . . *ever*. But if there should be a time when they might find themselves walking the wire, then this surely is it.

After all, Poland is hardly what you'd call an easy ride – behind the Iron Curtain in the heart of *Solidarnosc* upheaval, a place hardly noted for its dedication to rock 'n' roll. Only Mötley Crüe would have the gall/naivety to stand up and announce: "we think that Heavy Metal lives in Lodz tonight!" Lumme, the Poles have enough trouble keeping their own steel industry afloat, never mind finding time for imported Metal!

One thing in Iron Maiden's favour, however, is the well-whirred tape of 'Powerslave' that lies in my hands. If ever there was an album to raise the dead, an album to initiate the unknowing into the joys of Heavy Metal, then this is it.

By the time this printed missive reaches you, you'll probably have been submerged in the density of 'Powerslave's delights for a few days already. Correct me if I'm wrong, but ain't it just the greatest, most awesomely heavy/melodic/epic/stirring piece of true Metal since . . . the last Iron Maiden album?! If all men play on ten, then the superhuman Maidenettes have got their equipment doctored to hit 12!

OK, so the blurb is a touch gonzoid, but I honestly believe every word of this ecstatic harangue. There's not a whiff of compromise here, not a hint of airplay-orientated mayhem, not a chance that any number elicits less than the much revered Halfin cry of approval – 'METALLLL!' The new single, '2 Minutes To Midnight', kills; the proposed follow-up, 'Aces High', maims; 'Powerslave' itself slays. But best of all is the 14-minute Steve Harris stormer and album closer, a dual tribute to Samuel Coleridge and that man Smallwood, 'The Rime Of The Ancient Manager'.

Don't be fooled by 'Harry's admission that he was once a hippy, complete with Afghan coat and wooden cross around the neck ("Kerb crawlers were always trying to pick me up cos they thought I was a bird!"), or that he went to see bands such as Yes and ELP in his misspent youth, cos there's no patchouli oil lurking here! No sir, there are enough riffs in this one number alone to fill up most bands' albums. A beauty to follow the '. . .Beast' tradition, and a top toon that pushes 'Powerslave's running time to over 50 minutes.

Now that's what I call music, that's what I call value for money. At least, in the West. Poland, however, is a different kettle of fish. Read on . . .

EVERYONE IN the touring party was shocked at how liberal Poland appeared to be during our seven-day romp through the land. All the horror stories seemed little more than overblown capitalist propaganda. "If you take chewing gum and jeans you'll be okay", is a familiar quote, but that is simply not the case. Admittedly, we were rather molly-coddled by the Polish entertainment agency *Pagart,* to the extent that our accommodation was the best that each town had to offer. But, it's inevitable that a band on the road is simply not in a position to really see the situation in a particular country. It *is* obvious, however, that all is not well.

The hotels could not always provide the food indicated on the menu. You can live with that. But what many rock fans here find hard to bear is that there is virtually no music officially released in Poland, the only means of obtaining albums being through the black market. Indictment enough indeed, but consider that the cost of one of these albums is half a month's wages and you have a none too subtle indication of the kind of problems that Poland faces.

It was indeed immensely difficult to get to the heart of the matter. Seeds of discontent are deeply embedded, and with the invocation of Martial Law amidst the hope of Solidarity still relatively fresh in people's minds, the impression one receives is that people do not *want* to talk; that they have had enough heartache; that they want to try and live their lives as best they can; that they want to rock 'n' roll. Maybe Heavy Metal does live in Poland, after all. In fact, I'm damn sure it does!

Let's cut back to our arrival in Warsaw (don't mention the hat) and scenes that will live with me for a long time. Winging in from Frankfurt's international airport on a *LOT* (national Polish airlines) crate, the band found themselves facing a marvellous crowd of supporters shouting, 'Eye-Ron! Eye-Ron!' incessantly. With Polish TV filming the whole event for posterity and Smallwallet negotiating customs with an aplomb I never knew he possessed, this was in all senses of the word an 'occasion'.

BELIEVE IT or not, Poland is Maiden crazy, each of the band's five shows in the country proving to be rock 'n' roll at its most happening. Admittedly, the first gig in Warsaw was sub-standard for this band, eight months off the road and the introduction of no fewer than six new songs proving a little too much for a first night in such a 'novel' environment. But the 6000 fans in the SRO *Torwar Sports Hall* emerged as real stars nonetheless.

The enthusiasm for 'Aces High', the instrumental 'Losfer Words (Big 'Orra)' and older faves such as 'Number Of The

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Beast' and '22 Acacia Avenue' was higher than a spaced-out spaceman, while the oddness and quirkiness of seeing pure high-energy rock 'n' roll being enjoyed by soldiers with their shirts off, throwing their hats in the air with wild abandon, was truly something to behold! But, wait a minute. It's taken a hell of a long time to introduce you to the band, and that's what you're here for, right?

Behind the kit, mission from 'Arry man himself, Nicko 'Bubbler' McBrain, a guy who has put immense amounts of fire power into the new Maiden. Stage right, blond bombshell and Irons' stalwart Davey Murray, a man who had a *Strat* graft to be more at one with his guitar. Stage left, Adrian 'H' Smith, severely underrated string-bender and master of the barbed retort – a good man to have on your side. Centre stage, Bruce *'Fyffes'* Dickinson, so named as a result of his appalling penchant for banana-coloured stage strides.

Rightly renowned for his 'air-raid siren' vocal prowess, the only question mark that hangs over his head is whether he's more interested in fencing than vocalising. Finally, stage left, stage right, centre stage, bloody well *everywhere,* Steve 'Harry' Harris, leader of the troupe and dedicated to the cause to the extent of having the trooper Eddie tattooed on his forearm. Now that's what I call Metal! Kick ass rock 'n' roll, but did I hear contradictions being mentioned earlier?!

"Y'know, the way I view Van Halen is as a more family-orientated experience."

I tell ya what, David Lee Roth could well have been eulogising about Iron Maiden when he made that comment. No wonder the World Slavery Tour has already been dubbed the World Celibacy Tour, with each and every member of the band bar 'H' being seriously spoken for either by wife or girlfriend. Wine, women and song have been removed in favour of bathtimes, bottles and nappies. Only Smallwood has donated his body to science and research, leaving the Maidenettes to discuss the more important things in life.

"Y'know, when my daughter (a beautiful little girl named Lauren) was born," says 'Harry', "I was really glad that she came out of the womb with hair. I would've been gutted if she'd come out bald!"

Iron in the soul! Armed with this sort of dedication it was down to us all to find new ways to entertain ourselves. J. Arthur became close friends with everyone, I'm sure, but aside from one *soirée* when a dubious night-clubber of the male variety took a liking to Davey ("Tell that guy I'm sorry but I'll have to nut him!"), the entertainment highlights can be divided into two mind-manglingly hilarious incidents.

WHEN A guy procures a nickname in this business, you *know* that he deserves it. When 'Crazy' George joins forces with Gross Halfwit you *know* that the results can be disastrous. Safe to say, they were!

'Crazy' had managed to wangle the trip out of Smallwallet on the pretence that he was well versed and fluent in the Polish tongue. Some laugh that turned out to be, but the Crazed one was worth his weight in gold in the night club of Warsaw's Intercontinental Hotel after the first Maiden show!

Rolling into the exclusive shindig with a glazed look in his eye (a sure sign of one over the 20!), de Bodnar proceeded to whoop it up by wildly applauding a Polish Bert Weedon clone who was playing 'Lilly The Pink' on what sounded like a worn rubber band. Then the crazy lensman threatened to give us his own rendition of 'Jingle Bells', "if someone will lend me an . . . er . . . axe!" Natch, 'Harry', Davey and 'H' were all in favour but George collapsed before he could make it to the stage, muttering something about ten girls waiting for him in his room. Your time will come, George, your time will come!

Poznan was the scene of the next de Bodnar extravaganza – an exhibition that was to take place under the strangest of circumstances . . .

"People of Poznan, the moment you've all been waiting for. We present, live on stage, playing traditional folk music from Texas, Ross Halfin and the Maidenettes."

August 11th was Halfin's birthday, and knowing the ex-warted one's penchant for bad taste, this promised to be an experience worth having. Davey, Bruce and I had toyed with the idea of drugging him, mummifying him and letting the poor boy come round on stage as a moving prop in the band's impressive Egyptian stage set, but he'd somehow managed to escape that particular fate!

Instead, here we all were, pissed as the proverbial newt, preparing to jam at a Polish wedding. Somehow, the Maiden entourage had found itself at a reception in the centre of Poznan and been invited to play a coupla tunes for the assembled *hoi poloi.* What a line-up! Nicko on tubs, 'Harry' on bass, Davey struggling with a plink-plonk guitar sound and Bruce doing his best to be heard above the backing chorus of myself, The Halfin and various tour party members!

Never have 'Tush' or 'Smoke On The Water' sounded so mean, moody or magnificent; never have I seen a more out-of-it Halfin looking so ridiculous, waddling in a manner that put Ozzy to shame. Everyone knew by the furious waltzing that went down that *this* was the gig of the tour! What's more, the whole event was recorded for posterity by the resident American film crew. "Heavy rotation on *MTV*, man!" claimed director Kenny Furman. He wasn't 'kin kidding! It's just a shame the boys missed the impromptu Davey/Hojo rendition of 'My Botty Lies Over The Ocean' while we were being carried home by our man mountain security boss 'Big' John Harte. We couldn't have made it without you, brother! Ouch, my head still hurts!

BY POZNAN, however, the 'real' gigs had certainly started to cook. For sheer bloody consistency Maiden have few peers, and while it's not through an overt amount of stage gimmickry that the band has secured its appeal, the show is still a spectacle to be savoured, mainly thanks to the energy supplied by each band member.

It was also good to see Eddie back in fine head-shaking form by this third gig. The poor big yin had been feeling a bit under the weather in Warsaw and Lodz, travelling in his own separate bus and refusing to give interviews! Food poisoning was the explanation given, but he was determined to bounce back with a vengeance in Poznan.

That he did with considerable verve, storming out during 'Iron Maiden' and proceeding to headbang with each band member in turn, before throwing a few shapes and even climbing onto the drum riser for a h-eddie climax! Not easy for a big man. You might have thought that his destruction at last December's Dortmund D-Day signalled the end of the E, but everyone likes to see their mummy once in a while, dontcha know?!

"We shall fight them on the beaches, we shall fight in the streets, on land and in the air. We shall fight them in the valleys and in the hills. We shall never surrender!"

It was enough to send a chill right down the back of the spine, when the Maiden intro tape of the famous Churchill speech of defiance to Hitler echoed around the enormous domed *Hala Ludowa* in Wroclaw (pronounced Ross-lof). Wroclaw, previously named Breslau, y'see, had been the focal point of Nazi operations in Poland, and the place still seems to retain an air of its past horrors! The *Hala Ludowa* itself was actually constructed for the purpose of staging Nazi rallies. "You can almost hear the jackboots echoing," said 'H', looking a trifle uncomfortable, dwarfed by the enormity of the place in which he was soon to play.

There were enough bad vibes to fill a sex shop reject warehouse, but things got well and truly out of order when we were told that there was an enormous painted swastika at the top of the dome, merely covered by a curtain to hide it from view. Apparently, any attempts to dislodge the Nazi insignia would result in the total destruction of the building. Clever bastards, those squareheads!

It wasn't one of those gigs where you felt particularly comfortable, but I certainly sensed an urgency and anger in the Maiden performance; perhaps the band were subconsciously attempting to exorcise the memory of what might have been in the hall before. Metal is entertainment and that's something that Polish kids have been desperately short of for a long, long time. Only the country itself has provided sick entertainment for more powerful nations. According to our interpreter, Roman, the kids were definitely giving Maiden the thumbs up . . .

"YOU HAVE to understand that this is far and away the biggest show that Poland has seen. The kids I've talked to have been absolutely amazed with the set, it's something that they never thought they would see in Poland, even though Heavy Metal is very big over here. Rock 'n' roll helps the kids to survive, it's pretty much the only expressive youth culture they have access to, albeit a limited access."

But is the government opting for the lesser of two evils in allowing the spreading of the rock 'n' roll gospel rather than the spreading of discontent amongst the nation's youth?

"I think you're probably right, the government does turn a blind eye to rock music – they use it to placate the kids. But you have to remember that people in Poland have been starved of rock music for so long that now that they have the opportunity to witness top class acts, they're very reluctant to let that opportunity slip away!"

He leans over, confidentially . . .

"Please don't make your article a whole political issue. We know that we have a lot of problems, but the Polish people are still proud. We want to concentrate on the promotion of music here, to get better bands over, to provide something for the fans."

You needn't worry, Roman, cos being in a touring rock 'n' roll band entourage means that you don't really see a *true* picture of life. I would hesitate to make any political comment because we were simply never presented with the opportunity to find out the naked truth. When you have a Polish security man travelling with you, a guy who used to work in an airport anti-terrorist squad, then what you see is what you get – and that is probably only the half of it!

It's something that 'Harry's aware of when I finally set the tape recorder rolling in the bus outside the last gig in Poland, Katowice. Apparently one of the hot spots of political unrest, this gig proves to have the heaviest security of all.

"I didn't really think about the political side of things too much because I don't believe Rod would have let us come here if he wasn't sure about the safety angle. Everything has run very smoothly indeed, but I don't really believe that we've had a chance to see things as they really are.

"The frightening thing is that this is a situation where you can't always do what you want to. I wondered whether we were being used as a propaganda tool, but at least we're providing entertainment for the kids. They're seeing something that they haven't seen before, and if our playing here opens the doors for other bands to come here, then the visit will have served a purpose. The bottom line is that everyone has had a good time and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't come back."

How about living here?

"Out of the question!"

Then again, living any other way except out of a suitcase is out of the question. For a band that has gold and platinum albums in just about every territory in the world, the touring (torture?) never stops.

"Yeah, the tour's 13 months long, possibly going on for 15, and it can get a bit tiring. But then we enjoy the shows so things aren't all bad. We're really looking forward to getting back to England for a plate of pie and mash, actually!"

CONTINUES PAGE 27

DO WYPOŻYCZALNI
BUTÓW z ŁYŻWAMI
IRON MAIDEN
WELCOME TO POLAND

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IRON MAIDEN
WARSZAWA
POLAND
AUG 9 1984
JEFF
BOYCOTT
AS
KING

▼ *Maiden relax in the tub after a hard night's gigging unaware of the foul deed that had taken place mere moments before their well-deserved plunge!* ▶

IRON MAIDEN

FROM PAGE 22

BUT WHAT about the problem of getting the stageshow into the smaller halls back home?

"Obviously, we can't get the American stageshow in, but we've had the set built so that we can, in effect, have two different shows depending on the size of the hall we're playing. Let's face it, we could have done the Wembleys and the NECs this time around, but what's the point? The kids are used to seeing us in more intimate surroundings and I think they prefer it. I used to go to the big halls as a punter myself, and it's a joke! You need binoculars to see the band and there's no atmosphere. That, to me, is a raw deal!"

Raw deals are not what Iron Maiden are about. Regular tours, decent album packaging, a good set of merchandising wares, the band does right by their fans who do right by them.

"We're really proud of the way we've built our success because there aren't many bands who've broken in the way we have. It gives you some self-respect. We could've tried to write more commercial songs to get a hit, but our hearts wouldn't have been in it. Our punters are hard-core so we do what we do and if other people don't like it, then it's tough s**t!"

Hard-core *he* is 'n' all, to the extent of throwing wife Lorraine's Culture Club LP out of his car window at high speed in a fit of pique.

"Come on, I told her I didn't want to hear that rubbish when I'm at home. It's not unreasonable, is it?!

Not unreasonable at all, when you consider the calibre of Metal that the band is turning out these days. 'Powerslave' is an astonishingly strong album, *the* definitive example of Eighties' Metal. With so much blatantly uninspired guff on the market these days, Maiden must surely go from strength to strength.

"It's definitely our most satisfying album to date. I think we've got better and better with each release. This one takes a little more listening to, but that's all right, because I'd rather do something that grows on you the more you hear it. Those are the albums that last!"

I think that this one will run and run – a bit like this feature!

But sadly, it's time to end our tale, and there wasn't even time to relate road manager Warren Poppe's amorous attempts; how he hired a six-seater plane to keep a rendezvous, or how Halfin drew willies on a pretty young girl's back, or even mention Maiden fan Barry Phillips who travelled to Poland to see the band (*you just did – Ed*). And then, of course, there was the FOOTBALL MATCH! Well, maybe we can save the latter till next issue. There's only one way to close though, isn't there?! Maiden Mania!

Next issue: Maiden competition (win 25 colour prints of Kerrang!'s centrespread artwork), lotsa silly pix (of course) and more on that football match. . .

MAIDEN (l-r): Nicko McBrain, Bruce Dickinson, Steve Harris, Dave Murray, Adrian Smith.

ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 12

with powerchords and harmonies, save for the leaden balladry of 'Take My Hand', is a pretty apt summation of this LP. To be fair, the band do make an effort to dress things up somewhat with the guitar work of Steve Morris taking a few interesting turns (notably on the opening of 'You Gotta Rock' and a couple of fairly thoughtful breaks on 'On The Run' and the otherwise unspeakable 'Take My Hand'). But much of the album sounds studied rather than inspired, with only the flexing power of 'Rough Diamond' and the chunky clout of 'Destiny' (written by bassist Chris Alderman) reflecting real excitement.

Everything else works adequately and will probably sound great at immense volume over the PA system in your local HM disco, but that won't cut much ice on US radio which is the ultimate – and critical – test if Export are to justify their deal.

PAUL SUTER

HOLLY WOODS AND TORONTO
'Assault And Flattery'
(Solid Gold SGR1024 import)

AS THE other elements of Toronto have split for other areas (sadly obscurity so far), Holly Woods has only keysman Scott Kreyer with her now from the initial line-up, and it's no doubt in deference to him that the band's name survives at all. Let's face it, we're confronted with Holly alone on the sleeve, and this looks like a firm attempt in marketing terms to home in on her vocal talent rather than pushing the idea of a band. She's deserved this sort of attention for long enough, but her masterful voice has far too often been forgotten when the Canadian talent score is totted up. The question remains, however: is 'Assault And Flattery' the right vehicle for the move?

Well, yes and no (don't you just love journalistic commitment!), with the album sounding very good, though rather than impressing it just has the feel of talented people being talented. Holly's blameless, putting in a magnificent vocal performance of depth and excitement, but the feel of Mike Flicker's production is one of understated elegance and Tony Bongiovi's mix (surprisingly) fails to add an edge of excitement to complement the vocals.

Marty Walsh's guitar consistently sounds polite rather than frightening – 'Bang Your Head' (*not* a headbanger's anthem, as it happens) could have been an absolute stormer, for example, but ends up as no more than a soundtrack for an excellent vocal performance. 'Cats And Dogs' bristles effectively, though, with the guesting Darby Mills coming across much better than she did on the Headpins' 'Line Of Fire' LP and Brian Macleod making it sound just like one of his own songs – which it ain't! The ensuing 'No More Clichés' is, though, and it shows: good but unexceptional.

Because of the rather muted production, the best results occur where the intention is more subtle than attacking, and 'Look What's Showing Through' is further proof that Eddie Schwartz writes one particular type of song better than anyone else. It's mature and full of feeling and, apart from the rather predictable arrival of a sax solo, the best track on the album, though it's run close by the cool colour of the title track.

'Desperation' could have been a contender too, but its salsafied hook and questionable bridge disrupt its subtle strength. And I mustn't forget to mention a strong cover of Spider's 'New Romance', coming close on the heels of Adrian Zmed's version – this one's hotter, though, and hopefully cash in the kitty for the deserving writers.

The end result is an interesting, enjoyable record, but not an earthshaker. It's an album of consolidation rather than one that stakes a claim, and I would have thought the latter is what Holly Woods needed right now.

PAUL SUTER

STEVE HACKETT
'Till We Have Faces'
(Lamborghini Records LMG LP 4000)

IT WAS an act of courage when Steve left Genesis, a few years back, to chance his arm as a band leader. And since then the guitarist has never taken a simple, easy path.

As befits an old Genesis man, Hackett has stuck to his ideals and kept up high standards. The music here is forthright, imaginative and full of typically humorous quirks.

Although recorded in Rio with several Brazilian musicians, there are all kinds of influences at work, not to mention all manner of sounds and spacey effects. As Lenny Henry says for *Smiths* Square Crisps – "It's weird!"

Old Genesis fans will recognise some of the feelings and moods contained within 'Taking The Easy Way Out', with Steve singing *à la* Gabriel. But what is one to make of 'A Doll That's Made In Japan'? Here the sound of the koto and other Eastern instruments permeates a powerful Ultravox-style song that could well be a giant hit.

More than anything else, this album is one of fascinating performances. The distinctive Hackett guitar is always there – swooping, soaring and looping across the beat in that unhurried manner that is so casual, so cool, so Hackett. (Does anyone need an advertising copy writer? £10,000 a year will suit, plus LVs.)

'Duel', which opens the album, may well have been inspired by that Steven Spielberg movie about a phantom truck driver, and I guess the vocals are by Mick Magnus, who also plays fast keyboards, percussion and operates the Linn drum machine. Several Brazilian percussionists and other musicians from Rio contribute snatches of flute, Fender Rhodes piano, bass and extra drums, and the whole LP is obviously a labour of love.

'Matilda' has a Latin beat and the lyrics include Harold MacMillan's famous phrase, "*You've never had it so good,*" leading into an interesting drum battle between men and machines. I recommend this album to all drummers currently having to work in record shops because of the lack of 'live' gigs; they might be gratified by the news that, on this album at least, the real drummers win.

The final cut on the album is a brief interlude based on 'When You Wish Upon A Star', which suits that slightly odd sense of humour shared by Peter Banks, Phil Collins and all the other veterans of Munster Road, Fulham.

Meanwhile, if you want to hear some really heavy, far out guitar, full of passion and mad, twisted logic, then listen to 'Let Me Count The Ways', the Hackett way to play the blues. If you've ever wondered what Led Zeppelin jamming with Genesis might have sounded like, order a dozen copies of this extraordinary album, without delay.

CHRIS WELCH

HARD ATTACK '84

W.A.S.P.

THE ALBUM

"W.A.S.P."

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FACEFARE

No racket from HACKETT, claims MICK WALL after hearing the former Genesis guitarist's new single and album.

DIG IF YOU WILL: Steve Hackett, the prominent English rock guitarist who made his (considerable) fame and (quantitively large) fortune as one of the leading lights of that great behemoth of Brit-Prog-Rock, the extravagant and ridiculous Genesis. From their peculiar inception within the squalid confines of their Charterhouse public school education, right up to the 1977 post-Gabriel opus 'Wind And Wuthering', Steve Hackett kept the twin-neck lead-bleed going with the sort of sparkling cerebral intensity reserved only for rock superstar folk like Steve Howe and Pete Banks, or maybe, on a rainy Monday, mid-period Blackmore . . .

So what do you see, what 3-D image does your mind throw up when the name *Steve Hackett* comes across on the mental Telex machine? Huh? Let me guess. A very introverted, bespectacled, pale-faced menopausal rock star with more money than sense and nothing better to kill than time, a gradually fading star in the Brontosaurus Constellation of ageing mid-Seventies guitar-artists. Am I right? No. Like all smart theories, that one is wrong.

A little introverted maybe ("I haven't done any interviews in some time," he grins sheepishly at one point in the interview), but the rest you can forget. For there is a new album. Entitled 'Till We Have Faces' and released on September 7, the new Steve Hackett LP is a gas – nine tracks that roll in and out of each other with the organic hump and sway of the man's own multi-coloured kaleidoscope of rock dreams.

STEVE HACKETT looks relaxed, fit, and of sound mind. He says he is pleased that I like his album.

"I don't usually get feedback from the British press when I release a new album," he smiles. "The record comes out, so do the press' knives, and usually that's it, until I go out on the road and find out what the rest of the world thinks of the new material."

Pic Robert Ellis

STEVE HACKETT: "Genesis was my apprenticeship."

Where was the album recorded?

"In Brazil. Rio De Janeiro, actually. My wife is Brazilian and we decided at the start of the year to visit her parents. Basically, she hadn't been home for two years, so we planned to spend as much time as we could over there. Well, the longer I was there the more time I spent checking out the local musicians. It didn't take me long to decide that Rio was where I wanted to record the new album."

So did you use backing musicians from London on the album, or did you stick to the local crew?

"Apart from my regular keyboard player Mick Magnus, I used entirely local musicians. It was a great way to work. Very loose, very uncontrived. I went into the studio with very few concrete ideas. It was very much how the inspiration took me, at all times."

I was very surprised that the album came across so warmly. It's very bluesy in places. Not a 'Let's-record-an-old-*Motown*-million-seller' in the Phil Collins tradition, more sort of, uh, Peter Green really.

"That's very nice to hear, really. Because, after being with Genesis particularly, the last thing anybody usually has to say about my work is that it's *warm*, or, er, *bluesy* . . ." he grins. "But I definitely like to hop about as much as I can. I don't think I was put on this earth to find my *niche* as a musician and then, having learnt my craft, spend the rest of my life ploughing those same grooves.

"Last year, for instance, when I went through doing my classical guitar thing, I probably enjoyed that experience as much as any other. Just in a very different way. No one musical form should negate the other, although I must admit that with this new album I enjoyed myself a hell of a lot more than I have for quite some time. It's going to be a hard one to top."

Presumably, you'll be going out on the road to promote the album?

"Well, yeah. At least, I hope so," he ponders, running his fingers through his hair. "But, to be honest, I can't imagine playing any of the old material alongside the numbers on 'Till We Have Facs'. I can't even imagine using the 'right' musicians!"

MOST PEOPLE I'm acquainted with have the impression that Steve Hackett is the ex-Genesis rock star recluse with enough time and money to carry on willy-nilly regardless of public or, more pertinently, professional opinion. A man with his own corner of the market who's as unlikely to lose that market as he is to expand it. Is that fair?

"Ha, ha, I dunno. I can understand why people have that impression, and, believe me, I've suffered critically because of that reputation."

It probably has something to do with the fact that the band you left behind have carried on, and on, and have continued to become ever more successful . . .

"Yeah, sure. But I regard my Genesis days a bit like someone might regard their school days – a long time ago and in the distant past. Genesis was my apprenticeship. My career, as far as I'm concerned, really began after I'd left the band."

So where does Steve Hackett see his career going from here?

"I like to live very much from day to day. After the tour of Britain, I dunno . . . I want to concentrate on *music per se* and not *career*. That's the freedom I was looking for when I quit Genesis."

Yeah, but will you be going back to Rio to record your next album, old son?

"Oh, I shouldn't think so," he laughs. "Seriously, though, I think that the next project I work on will be more blues orientated . . ."

Now you're talking, Stevie boy . . .

"Yeah, the blues was always a musical form I never really understood. I mean, the whole Genesis, early Genesis, scheme of things dictated that I never got much of a chance to, er, get properly acquainted with the blues side of rock music. Now, however, I've grown up a lot and I've had a lot more outside contact with musicians alien to my particular background. Over the last couple of years I've got into the habit, when I meet other musicians socially that I admire, of saying to them how much I like their work. And it's amazing the feedback you get just from saying that."

Do you work with a lot of other people then?

"Well, on the new single, 'A Doll Made In Japan', which is also included on the album, I used Ian Mosley – who used to play in my band – on drums."

Ah, ha! Which brings us nicely (seeing as how Mosley is now a permanent member of post-Genesis necromancers, Marillion) up to Steve's view of that band. Hackett grins, then grimaces, then looks out the window, then grins again. . .

"I think bands like Marillion are, er, filling a gap that appeared when groups like Genesis moved away from that more studied, classical side of rock music. Personally, I left that scene behind the day I left Genesis."

"Ah only hope ah'm outside playin' a gig when the sky turns red"

Pic Robert Ellis

THE B

GEOFF BARTON gets high on the hog and welcomes the riotous return of 'the greatest-ever rock vocalist', JIM DANDY (left) of BLACK OAK ARKANSAS

"GEOFFREY?! HI!! IT'S JIM DANDY!!!"

Amazin', innit? Of an evening, when I make my regular phone call to order up some tasty takeaway from the Rajdoot Tandoori Restaurant, a mere coupla miles down the road in sunny Sunbury-On-Thames, all I ever get is a line that sounds like I've been connected to the nearest transport café instead – y'know, all crackling bacon and sizzling sausages!

What with thick Indian accents, 'n' all, it's always a terrible struggle to make it clear exactly which dubious delicacy I require. Chapati time it most definitely *isn't*, and the situation is becoming so desperate I'm seriously considering investing in a loud hailer or, even better, two tin cans with string tied inbetween, such is the dismally distorted local service offered to me by British Telecom.

But then, when I dial the multi-digit number of some hick part of some hick town in middle America, what do I get? Jim Dandy comin' on through loud and clear as a bell, like he's standing right here next to me instead of holed up in some seedy hotel room thousands of miles away.

Always a sensationally skilled orator (he was once described as *'a cross between the Messiah and a stallion'* onstage), ol' JD bellows out his greeting and I have to hold the earpiece away from my shell-like, such is the friendly ferocity of those welcoming lines. Like I said, amazin', innit?

But, hell, the purpose of this piece is not to indulge in a slag-off spate of jellybone junking. Rather, we're here to welcome the return, after many years in the wooargh! wilderness, of Jim Dandy Mangrum, leader/frontman/singer with seminal semi-legendary bad-ass boogie barons Black Oak Arkansas.

Remember Black Oak? Possibly y'all do; possibly y'all don't. But (not so) briefly: originally called Knowbody Else

LACK ATTACK IS BACK

and little known outside of the small community of Black Oak in Arkansas, the band sprung out of scuzzy schooldaze in the mid-60s and escaped to LA in '69, changing their name to BOA *en route* in order to maintain some connection with their roots. With the crazed 'n' cavorting Jim Dandy acting like a rock 'n' roll preacher and spearheading the group's dynamic (tho' musically dodgy) live shows, they quickly established a rough and rebellious reputation, recording an eponymous debut LP in 1970 and going on to release, as far as I can ascertain, a grand total of 14 others.

Three or four years later, with albums like 'High On The Hog' and 'Raunch 'N' Roll Live' shifting plenty o' units, the Black Ones had really started to crack the States in a big way. Punters were captivated by Dandy's (at that time) revolutionary spandex strides and his wondrous washboard antics, not to mention Tommy Aldridge's dynamic drum solos and the demented antics of the rest of the band (who could be counted on to smash to pieces *obviously false* balsa wood guitars with the greatest of gusto).

OLD-TIME *Kerrang*sters might remember Black Oak's first visit to these shores as Sabbath's support act in the Spring of 1974. Wouldn't it have been strange if, as was rumoured a few months back, Jim Dandy had joined Iommi and co instead of David Donato? Talk about things goin' in 10 year cycles. . .

Anyway, the Arkansas Aces came back to headline in the UK at least a coupla times, even topping the bill one night at the late, lamented Reading Festival.

Myself, I enjoyed a supreme American sojourn with the band around '76: together with friendly PR Richard Ogden and a guy called Bob Hart, who at that time was pop columnist for *The Sun*, I can recall a jet-lagged arrival in a tiny rural place called Mountain Home in Arkansas. We were met by a doped-out roadie who hustled us aboard a gleaming light aircraft and, inbetween tokes on a cigar-sized joint, piloted us somewhat erratically to the Black Oak hideout – a massive stockade on the shores of a giant man-made lake. The water was clear as crystal and I remember gaping with amazement when I noticed a half dozen sleek powerboats tethered to a jetty, all belonging to *members of the band.*

It was a real high class hippy community, a little ol' self-contained rock 'n' roll town, with each Black Oakster and his family occupying an air-conditioned log cabin.

I count myself extremely lucky to have been involved, for however short a time, with BOA in their heyday. They stuck around until the late 70s, their popularity gradually diminishing, finally ending up on the *Capricorn* label and releasing two albums, 'Race With The Devil' ('77) and 'I'd Rather Be Sailing' ('78), before just. . . well. . . fading away.

BUT NOW, as any reader of my rave review in *Kerrang!* 74 will know, Jim Dandy has reappeared with a fine new album titled 'Ready As Hell' (still only available as a *Hacienda Records* import, but that situation could change soon!) And, by the excited sound of the mainman down that felicitous phone line, he's delighted to be back and biting after so long.

"Ah'm proud that you're still interested in the ol' boy," cackles Jimbo, who, at 36, isn't really *that* old at all.

So howcum you've been away from the scene for so long?

"Well. . ." considers the Dandy dude, "ah've been takin' it easy for a while because four years ago ah had mahself a heart attack."

A HEART ATTACK?!

"Yeah. It happened in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Those years of livin' it up an' partyin' all the time finally took their toll, it all caught up with me. Y'know, all ah used to eat was chilli dogs, all ah used to drink was beer and ah used to do nose candy all night long. Suddenly, mah body decided to start protestin' – like, enough is enough, d'ya hear?!

"It wasn't that serious an attack, but ah knew it was a warnin', ah knew ah had to straighten mahself out. So when ah got out of hospital ah didn't really do anythin' for a year, ah just stopped playin' an' took it easy. When ah eventually decided to git back into things a while ago, it proved to be a little difficult. There were lots of contractual hassles to be untangled. All mah ol' guys had gone and Butch (Stone, one-time BOA manager, now handling Krokus) and mahself weren't gittin' on. So it wasn't really until January this year that ah began work in earnest by recordin' 'Ready As Hell'."

And now?

"And now ah'm healthy, in great shape. Ah've bin told ah look better now than ah ever did in the past. And, believe me, it's truly more excitin' for me this time around. It's partly due to an attitude inside of me, but really it's because ah'm doin' what ah'm doin' with a *purpose*, rather than just relyin' on mah own instincts. Ah'm plannin' the build-up; ah understand things much better now. In the ol' days ah was just, well, *reactionary* – but now that ah'm older and more experienced ah find that ah'm layin' plans, that ah'm calculatin' my impact. And ah sincerely believe that it's within mah capability to be bigger than ah ever was with this, mah second shot."

Apart from old hand Ricky 'Risky' Reynolds on guitar ("We went to school together; went to *jail* together!"), the new Black Oak Arkansas is largely made up of young unknowns. And Big Jim, he seems to enjoy acting the father figure towards them.

"Ah look at mah boys and ah see them makin' the same mistakes ad did when ah was their age. Ah can remember when ah was just a country boy out of Arkansas and how difficult it was to resist the temptations that exist in rock 'n' roll. It's a wicked business; when the ol' Black Oak used to take to the stage, we were like amphetamined buffalos! Ah tell ya, Geoffrey, it was wild! So now ah tell mah boys to slow down a little, to ease back on the alcohol, to only drink Jack Daniels after sundown. Drink that stuff durin' the day and you're on the road to ruin. And would you believe that *ah've* even cut back on smokin' the ol' marijuana? Ah mean, can you believe that?!"

JIM DANDY is the original. He was the first to wear studded wristbands and silver spandex, the first to leap off a towering drum riser and land in an excruciating full split. How does he feel now, watching the present-day antics of the likes of Dave Lee Roth and Mötley Crüe? Does he feel, well. . . ripped off?

"No , man! Ah love them, they're carryin' on with the tradition ah created and that's just fine by me. The only trouble is," he reflects, "these days there's a lot of technique, a lot of theory, a lot of formula. . . but ah'm not sure that the bands realise what it's all *for*. In Black Oak's heyday it was just a case of honour among thieves; we were heathens, we were socially unacceptable, but we were *exhibitionists* also – there was more character, more genuine commitment behind our actions at that time."

Dandy is hard at work, trying to re-establish the Black Oak Arkansas name. Although dubious legal technicalities somehow prevent the monicker being used on record (hence 'Ready As Hell' being credited to Jim Dandy alone), on the road there's no such problem.

Mr Mangrum, who still actually *lives* in the town of Black Oak, claims BOA have only had 12 days off in the last 140 and tells me with pride of a recent Vietnam Veterans Benefit gig played in front of an audience of 21,000 in North Carolina, together with bands such as the Outlaws and Molly Hatchet.

However, it would be wrong of me to suggest that there wasn't a lotta hard work ahead of 'em: a casual perusal of America's *Performance* magazine reveals that the BOA datasheet generally consists of tacky venues like One-Eyed Jacks, Omaha, Joe's Garage in Fort Worth and Dr. T's in Oshkush (where?!). In other words, it's gonna be a long, uphill struggle to put the name of Black Oak Arkansas on everyone's lips once again.

But Jim Dandy, he don't seem to care too much: "Hey, y'know, after a heart attack ah just feel it's a real, God-given privilege to be treadin' those boards once again. Ah had me some good times – and now ah'm glad ah'm able to have a whole bunch more!"

'Ready As Hell', JD reveals, was put together as a kinda showcase album, its many moods designed to highlight the various facets of the fine and Dandy r'n'r character. However, he promises that the next one will be meaner, more menacing: "Ah'm itchin' to git back into that studio; ah'm gonna jump on a tornado and ride it to a standstill! The new LP will be called 'The Black Attack Is Back'. . . it'll be very heavy, with the guitars well upfront." Dandy r'n'r character. However, plans to play in the UK, although he reveals that BOA almost came over here earlier in the year to support Blue Öyster Cult.

"Ah will come over to Britain at some point in the future, ah promise y'all that," Dandy declares. "But right now ah need to keep workin' hard and buildin' up mah profile in America. That's the first step."

As well as waving a sword about with wild abandon, Dandy still insists on bringing out the washboard onstage and scrapin' and scratchin' away in time-honoured style. "Man," he says, "ah couldn't git away without doin' that!

"Ah'm on a high right now, and ah won't stop until those crazy muthas with their fingers on the buttons decide to end it, once and for all.

"Ah only hope ah'm outside playin' a gig when the sky turns red."

TRUST BREAKERS?

Have San Francisco rockers Y&T betrayed their fans by failing to release an album entitled 'Earthshaker II – The Sequel'. MICK WALL thinks not . . .

DAVID MENIKETTI and Phil Kennemore of Y&T are in town to talk to the gentlemen of the press. We meet up two days before the band's late afternoon appearance at Castle Donington, sitting snugly swigging beers together in the foyer of their plush London hotel.

Unlike my *Kerrang!* contemporaries – take a bow, Hojo – I harbour no hard feelings towards the band. All the old criticisms levelled at Y&T, the infamous cries of 'sell out!', the moaning and groaning about the band continually failing to follow up with an album as 'hard' or as 'heavy' as 1981's under-produced hotch-potch 'Earthshaker', those old criticisms just don't impress me, not a bit.

The latest Y&T album 'In Rock We Trust' has been slated for being too slick, just a lukewarm bath of San Franciscan goat's milk, homogenised for easy, smooth consumption and absolutely tasteless on the tongue. Well, I say steady on now everybody, and let's show a little *respect* for this group.

For starters, Meniketti has a great rock and roll voice, a cool hand for the lead guitar and a sensitive ear for a sugar-sweet melody. And the new album, with tracks like the title cut and '(Your Love Is) Drivin' Me Crazy', or the fragile closing ballad 'This Time', moves with style and pace. And that's good enough for this boy . . .

"I mean, hey, what do you want us to do? Release 'Earthshaker II – The Sequel' just to make sure we get good reviews in England?" laughs Phil Kennemore, affable bassman for Y&T.

"I think people mistake bad production for energy and excitement sometimes," offers Meniketti. "The new album is positively the best record we've ever made, even if that does sound such a *cliché*."

BUT LET'S talk commercial. Did you go out of your way to smooth out all those edges that the UK reviewers miss so much in order to *up* your viability with the US radio stations? Come clean now guys, huh?

"If commercial means successful," grins Meniketti, "then, yes, we have gone deliberately into the studio to record a commercial album. Did we break some law because more people are buying our records now than ever before?"

" 'In Rock We Trust' has just gone up 39 places in the American charts in its second week of release, higher than we've ever been before, and over here in England it's gone straight in at 33 on its first week of release," says Phil. "So when I read some of the reviews," he laughs, "I just wanna say, 'f**k you, f**k you, and f**k you!' "

"We've been together as a band for ten years now," Meniketti continues, "and this is the direction we've always been going in, and it's only now that we're getting it right, recording the songs we really want to in a fashion that pleases us, as artists, the most. So far, according to the public, that's been the correct path to follow."

"Yeah," chimes in Phil, "we've been working our asses off for ten years just so's we can get into the position where the success starts happening – and now we have to go out on the road for the *next* ten years and work our asses off some more!"

David Meniketti recently got married in San Francisco (as reported in issue 74). How will his wife react to her new husband spending so much time away from home?

"Oh, she's very cool about those things. Actually, that's never been a problem. In the ten years this band has been working I've drifted in and out of so many relationships for one reason or another, that I don't think being in a travelling band is going to affect my marriage too much. If it did, we wouldn't have got married."

Getting back to the new album, how important is it personally to Meniketti and company to break Y&T big over in the UK and Europe? I mean, this country is so *little*, wouldn't you say, guys?

"Hey, really!" cries Phil.

"Making a name for ourselves in this country means an awful lot to us. The British fans are the wildest and the most fun there is. We get vibes from the kids even now about those nights we did at the Marquee *two years ago*."

"Yeah," reflects Meniketti, "the kids come back after the show and really tell us exactly what they think. It's amazing, sometimes I can't believe how accurate they are. They spot things in a particular song, a particular arrangement I wouldn't expect anyone outside of the band to have even an inkling of, you know?"

"That's right," agrees Phil. "They'll soon tell ya whether you were s**t or not, whether you f**ked up and just where you did it!

"You know, when we played Reading last year we were so excited, it being our first major rock festival in this country. But even then the word was out that Castle Donington was the really big one, the one that absolutely everyone goes to, right? And then I saw the title – *Monsters Of Rock* – and that was *it*. I said, we have *got* to do it!"

And now what?

"Well, after that we go back to the States and begin touring, right up until the Winter . . . maybe longer, if the album keeps on going like it is at the moment. After that we are definitely coming back to the UK for a full tour in our own right."

ONE LAST thing. Let's clear up this nonsense about the 'not heavy enough' rap. How do Y&T regard themselves in the HM scheme of things? Do they feel the criticisms are wholly unjustified?

Meniketti looks across at me and considers. "Well, I think we regard ourselves as songwriters first and rock 'n' rollers second, but only just."

Meaning that you would be interested in other people covering your original material?

"Right," nods Meniketti.

So exactly who in the whole wide world would it please you the most to have cover one of your songs?

"STEVIE WONDER!!!" they scream.

"Tell *that* to Howard Johnson," laughs Phil.

I promise the name 'Earthshaker' shall never pass my lips again . . .

Y&T (from left): Joey Alves, David Meniketti, Leonard Haze, Phil Kennemore.

Pic Ray Palmer

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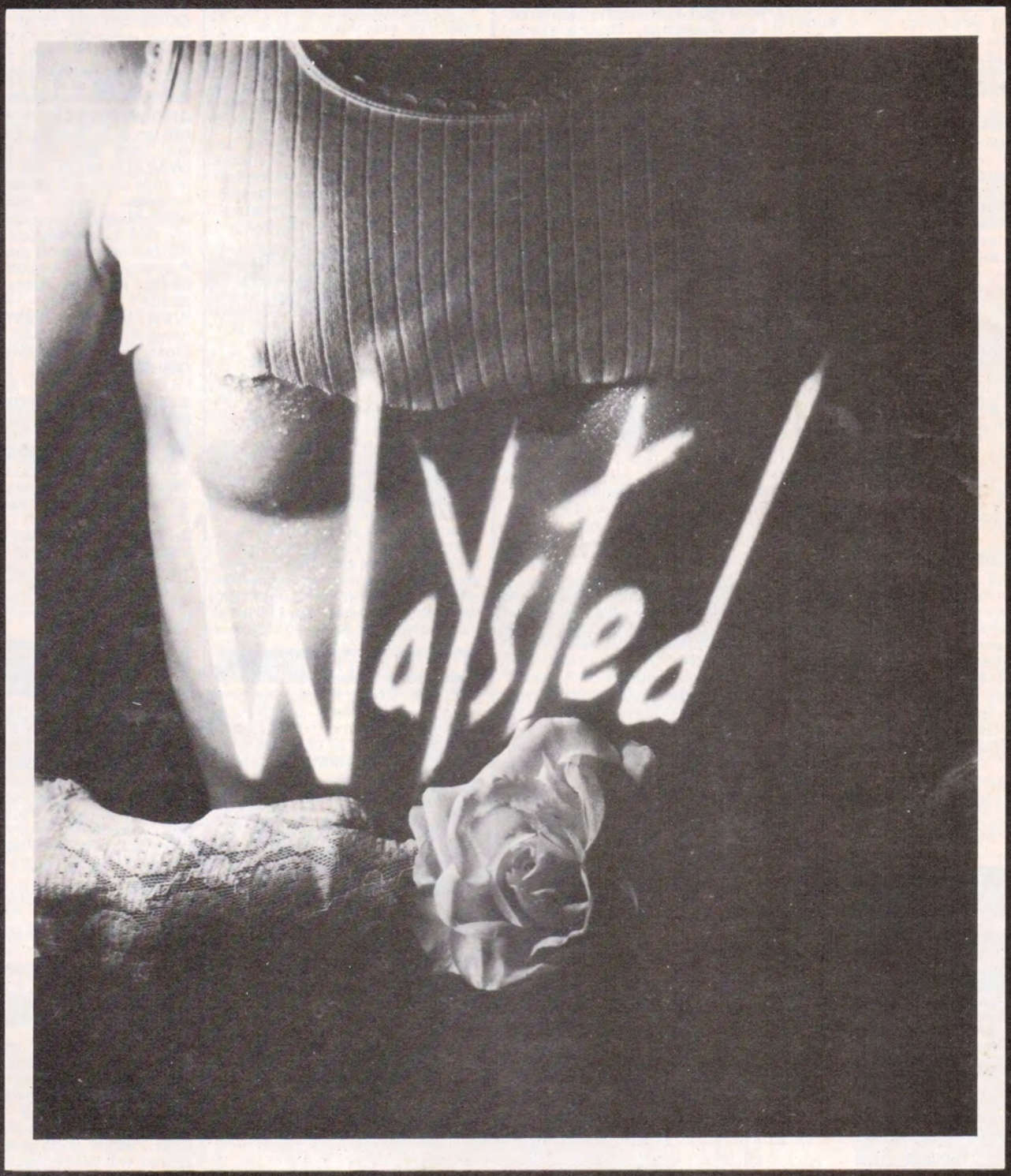

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SINGLES

MALCÖLM DÖME reviews the ones that MÖTLEY CRÜE missed

KISS
'Heaven's On Fire'
(Vertigo)

Whilst the 'should they, shouldn't they' controversy over Kiss' decision to unmask will doubtless continue *ad nauseam*, there can be no arguments on the musical front. The fellas just keep on improving with each succeeding release. Co-written by Paul Stanley and Desmond Child, this is truly a divine slab of burning mayhem. Stanley's street-wise, kerb-crawlin' vocals burst through the mix with effortless gyratory power, whilst new guitarist Mark St. John sounds lean, mean and hot to the touch.

Incidentally, the single comes in seven and 12" formats. Both have the Gene Simmons-penned 'Lonely Is The Hunter' (like 'Heaven's . . .', a cut from the forthcoming 'Animalize' album) on the flip, whilst the latter also features 'All Hell's Breakin' Loose' (from the 'Lick It Up' set).

HANOI ROCKS
'Underwater World'
(CBS)

Hmm. Unlike Dave 'Dinky Toy' Dickson and Howard 'Who's Steve Gett?' Johnson, I'm not entirely convinced of the Rocks' status as the 'next mammoth thing'. But, having said that, I still rather go for this slightly moody single. In a semi-big way. Mike Monroe's vocals are very redolent of Jim Morrison mimicking Mick Jagger mimicking . . . Jim Morrison, whilst guitarists Andy McCoy and Nasty Suicide really get steamin'. Nice one, lads.

CBS have actually made this one available in seven inch, seven inch picture disc and 12" formats. All feature 'Shakes' on the B-side whilst the 12" also has a version of the old Steppenwolf number 'Magic Carpet Ride'.

YA-YA
'Don't Talk'
(Scotti Brothers)

Ya-Ya guitarist Lea Hart used to be part of the Ian Mitchell Band. Ian Mitchell used to be with the Bay S***ty Rollers. Given this piece of background info, you'll know what I mean when I say that this sounds exactly as expected: *bleugrrghh!*

STEVE PERRY
'She's Mine'
(CBS)

After the pop/rock magnificence of 'Oh, Sherrie', this comes across as somewhat dull and lazy. Even Perry himself sounds slightly bored with the proceedings, and if *he* lacks enthusiasm, how can the rest of us be expected to retain any interest?

MANOWAR
'All Men Play On 10'
(10)

Not a less-than-subtle hymn of praise to the one label brave enough to haul in the mannish marauders, this is in fact a true tidal wave of expressionism calculated to strike deep into the hearts of those who would consign DeMaio's dedicated dynamos to the depths of damnation. Layer upon layer of ferociously ferrous rhythms drive Eric Adams' lynch-pin melodic oratory into the realms of anthemic immortality.

JETHRO TULL
'Lap Of Luxury'
(Chrysalis)

Much as I like J. Tull and admire I. Anderson, I can't help but feel that this time the band have gone way too far into modern electronic fields. Peter John Vitesse's synth suds come too close to dominating the traditional flute trademarks of the Tull. And Martin Barre's guitar is all but washed away in the mix. Still, in view of the presence of three other tracks (*viz* 'Astronomy', 'Automotive Engineering' and 'Tundra') which aren't on the new 'Under Wraps' album, this is still value for money either in seven inch or 12" formats.

NAZARETH
'Ruby Tuesday'
(Phonogram)

A neat taster for forthcoming album 'The Catch', Nazareth give the old Stones song a rather heavier treatment. Does it work? You bet! McCafferty's unmistakably bristling vocals growl forth with genuine angst whilst Manny Charlton's sturdy guitar licks keep everything on an even keel. Positive proof that there's life in the ol' dogs yet.

HONEYMOON SUITE
'New Girl Now'
(WEA)

Paul Suter has been wetting his tour jacket over this one, and various VIPs at the record label are firmly convinced that the Canadian bunch are on their way to golden harvests. Me? I can't hear anything remotely exciting in this average AOR fodder. File under 'Who?'

FLESH FOR LULU:
'Restless'
(Polydor)

Off-key, painfully retarded vocals; rhythmic epileptic fits; totally inane lyrics . . . what more can i say? 'Dinky' Dickson swears by this lot. I prefer to swear at 'em!

KISS together with new member Mark St John (far left). INSET PIC: Gene Simmons as he appears in the film 'Runaway'. He co-stars as a 'homicidal maniac' alongside 'Magnum' man Tom Selleck . . .

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MALCOLM DOME REPORTS

★ PHOENIX BAND **Icon** intend to begin work on their second album during early October with producer **Mike Varney**. As yet no studio has been chosen for the project; among those being considered are the *Automatt* (San Francisco) and *Prairie Sun* (California), the latter being the place where the quintet recorded their self-titled debut.

It's likely that the new, as yet untitled, LP will be issued on the *Capitol* label during March 1985. Currently, the boys are putting together material for the opus and composer **Bob Halligan** (who penned 'You've Got Another Thing Coming' for **Judas Priest** and 'Rock You', the current **Helix** single) has submitted some numbers for consideration.

★ **KEEL**, the band fronted by ex-**Steeler** vocalist **Ron Keel**, issue their debut album on the *Shrapnel* label later on this month. Titled **'Lay Down The Law'**, it was produced by Mr Keel at *Prairie Sun Studios* and includes the following tracks: **'Lay Down The Law'**, **'Metal Generation'**, **'Thunder & Lightning'**, **'Speed Demon'**, **'Tonight You're Mine'** plus **'Until Hell Freezes Over'**.

However, this will be the band's only *Shrapnel* release; they've now signed a long-term agreement with *Gold Mountain Records* (distributed through *A&M*), who also boast the **Hyts** on their roster. Currently, Keel are in the studio, with **Gene Simmons** handling production duties. The results of this liaison should be out during late January/early February next year. The band's line-up is Keel, **Kenny Chaisson** (bass – brother of former **Legs Diamond** man **Greg**), **Stephan Riley** (drums – ex-**B'zz**), **Mark Ferrari/Brian Jay** (guitars).

Shrapnel, meanwhile, have just put out **'US Metal 4'**, a compilation featuring **Aggressor** (from New Jersey), Keel (a different version of 'Speed Demon' from that set to appear on their first album; this was recorded at *Pasha Studios* in Hollywood), **Wild Dogs** (a previously unavailable track titled **'Burning Rain'**), **Scanner**, **Vicious Rumours**, **TKO**, **Guilt**, **Shawn Lane** (a guitarist who was previously with **Black Oak Arkansas**), **Josh Ramos/Derek Frigo** (the twin lead guitarists from **Le Mans**) and **Saint Michael** (featuring ex-**Surgical Steel** vocalist **Jeff Martin**).

Still on the *Shrapnel* front, expect November debut albums from Bay Area acts **Trauma** (who once featured bassist **Cliff Burton** of **Metallica** fame; the album is titled **'Scratch & Scream'** and was produced by Le Mans vocalist **Pete Marrino**), **Hexx** (**'No Escape'**, produced by **Dean Fontano**, who has worked with **W.A.S.P.** and **Icon** in the past) plus **Griffin** (**'Griffin'**, which has been produced by the band).

★ **CONEY HATCH** are currently recording their third album with producer **Max Norman** in Canada. As yet untitled, it's expected to be out on the *Vertigo* label during the Autumn.

★ **PAT BENATAR** is expecting her first baby during March.

★ THE NOMINATIONS for the first annual ***MTV* Video Music Awards** have now been announced. Among the categories and nominees are:

VIDEO OF THE YEAR: **'You Might Think'** (the **Cars**), **'Every Breath You Take'** (the **Police**).

BEST MALE VIDEO: **'Thriller'** (**Michael Jackson**).

BEST FEMALE VIDEO: **'Love Is A Battlefield'** (**Pat Benatar**).

BEST CONCEPT VIDEO: 'You Might Think' (the Cars), **'Undercover Of The Night'** (**Rolling Stones**).

BEST GROUP VIDEO: **'Heart Of Rock 'N' Roll'** (**Huey Lewis & The News**), 'Every Breath You Take' (the Police), **'Jump'** (**Van Halen**), **'Sharp Dressed Man'** (**ZZ Top**).

BEST STAGE PERFORMANCE IN A VIDEO: 'Jump' (Van Halen), **'Middle Of The Road'** (the **Pretenders**).

BEST OVERALL PERFORMANCE IN A VIDEO: 'Thriller' (Michael Jackson), 'Jump' (Van Halen), 'Every Breath You Take' (the Police).

BEST SPECIAL EFFECTS IN A VIDEO: 'You Might Think' (the Cars).

BEST ART DIRECTION IN A VIDEO: 'You Might Think' (the Cars), 'Every Breath You Take' (the Police), **'Radio Ga Ga'** (**Queen**).

BEST EDITING IN A VIDEO: **'Dancing With Myself'** (**Billy Idol**), 'Sharp Dressed Man'/**'Legs'** (ZZ Top), 'Every Breath You Take' (the Police).

BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY: **'Eyes Without A Face'** (Billy Idol), **'All Hell's Breakin' Loose'** (**Kiss**), 'Every Breath You Take' (the Police), **'Authority Song'** (**John Cougar Mellencamp**).

BEST CHOREOGRAPHY: 'Thriller' (Michael Jackson).

BEST DIRECTION: **'All Of The Good Ones Are Taken'** (**Ian Hunter**/directed by **Martin Kahan**), 'Dancing With Myself' (Billy Idol/**Tobe Hooper**), **'I Want A New Drug'** (Huey Lewis & The News/**David Rathod**), 'Every Breath You Take' (the Police/**Godley & Creme**), **'Gimme All Your Lovin''** / 'Sharp Dressed Man' (ZZ Top/**Tim Newman**).

MOST EXPERIMENTAL VIDEO: 'You Might Think' (the Cars), **'Don't Answer Me'** (the **Alan Parsons Project**), **'Wonderin''** (**Neil Young**).

★ LOS ANGELES quintet **Malice**, extensively featured in the pages of *Kerrang!* during recent months, have now signed a recording contract with *Atlantic*. Their first release will be an album currently being cut with producer **Michael Wagener**. See issue 73 for further details.

★ *ATTIC RECORDS* have just issued a compilation titled **'Metal For Breakfast'**. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Forged In Fire' – Anvil, 'Cat Scratch Fever' – Ted Nugent, 'Heavy Mental Breakdown' – Killer Dwarfs, 'Balls To The Wall' – Accept, 'Black Funeral' – Mercyful Fate** and **'Metal Head' – Blotto**.

Side Two: **'Metal Queen' – Lee Aaron, 'Princess Of The Night' – Saxon, 'The Ripper' – Judas Priest, 'Metal Health' – Quiet Riot', 'Mean Streak' – Y&T** and **'Crazy Train' – Ozzy Osbourne**.

The album is available only in Canada.

★ NEW YORK band **Anthrax**, having recently sacked vocalist **Neil Turbin**, are on the lookout for a suitable replacement. Interested parties should send tapes/pictures/biographies to: **Crazed Management, 60 York St, Old Bridge, New Jersey, NY 08357, USA**.

★ LOS ANGELES band **Tyrant** are presently recording their debut album at *Cherokee Studios* in Hollywood. It's being produced by the trio and engineered by **Brad Gilderman** (who has worked with such acts as **Twisted Sister**, **Dokken** and **Heaven** in the past).

Titled **'Legion Of The Dead'**, the LP will feature such tracks as **'Warriors Of Metal'**, **'Listen To The Preacher'**, **'Legion Of The Dead'** and **'Sacrifice'**. As yet, Tyrant haven't finalised a label deal for its release.

The group's line-up is **Rob Roy** (drums), **Glen May** (vocals/bass) and **Rocky Rockwell** (guitar).

★ **ARMORED SAINT** have now finished work on their debut album. Titled **'March Of The Saint'**, it was produced by **Michael James Jackson** at *Ocean Way Studios* in Hollywood and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'March Of The Saint'**, **'Can You Deliver'**, **'Mad House'**, **'Take A Turn** and **'Seducer'**.

Side Two: **'Mutiny On The World'**, **'Glory Hunter'**, **'Stricken By Fate'**, **'Envy'** and **'False Alarm'**.

The album is expected out on the *Chrysalis* label at the end of September.

ICON: putting together material for a second album.

Pic Chris Walter

NEWS

THE LONG AWAITED film version of **Frank Herbert**'s classic novel **'Dune'** will open in the UK on December 14. Directed by **David Lynch**, it stars **Francesca Annis, Sting, Max Von Sydow, Sian Phillips, Freddie Jones, Sean Young, Kyle MacLachlan, José Ferrer, Linda Hunt** and **Dean Stockwell**.

THORN EMI VIDEOS issue the following titles over the next couple of months: **'Warlords Of Atlantis'** (starring **Doug McClure**), **'Sweeney!'** (starring **John Thaw** and **Dennis Waterman**), **'Don't Look Now'** (starring **Julie Christie** and **Donald Sutherland**), **'Children Of The Corn'** (see review issue 75) and **'Fire & Ice'** (see review issue 75).

PRODUCTION BEGINS soon on the *Malpaso/Deliverance* film **'City Heat'**. The movie stars **Clint Eastwood, Burt Reynolds, Irene Cara, Madeline Kahn** and **Rip Thorn**. It's to be directed by **Richard Benjamin**.

THE POLICE issue **'The Police Synchronicity Concert'** video through *A&M Sound Pictures* on September 27. Available in both VHS/Betamax, it has a running time of 75 minutes and features the following tracks: **'Synchronicity One', 'Walking In Your Footsteps', 'Message In A Bottle', 'Walking On The Moon', 'Wrapped Around Your Finger', 'Hole In My Life', 'King Of Pain', 'One World', 'Tea In The Sahara', 'Oh My God', 'De Do Do Do De Da Da Da', 'Every Breath You Take', 'Can't Stand Losing You', 'Spirits In The Material World'** and **'So Lonely'**.

It was directed by **Godley & Creme** and recorded at Omni Arena in Atlanta, Georgia.

GUILD MUSIC VIDEOS issue **'We Will Rock You'** from **Queen** on September 10. Recorded onstage in Ontario during 1982, the track listing is: **'We Will Rock You', 'Under Pressure', 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', 'Bohemian Rhapsody', 'Tie Your Mother Down', 'Another One Bites The Dust', 'Sheer Heart Attack', 'Let Me Entertain You', 'Play The Game', 'Somebody To Love', 'Killer Queen', 'I'm In Love With My Car', 'Get Down Make Love', 'Save Me', 'Now I'm Here', 'Dragon Attack', 'Love Of My Life', 'We Are The Champions'** and **'God Save The Queen'**.

The same company will be putting out a compilation video under the title **'The Wild Ones'** during October. This features such acts as **Iron Maiden, Ozzy Osbourne, Judas Priest** and **AC/DC**.

BOOKS

'NEIL'S BOOK OF THE DEAD' by Nigel Planer and Terrence Blackler *(Pavilion Books)*
THERE IS a word to describe stuff like this . . . 'garbage'. Other suitable adjectives might be 'exploitative' or even 'rip-off'.

At the beginning of the book the directive 'no-one read this book for 400 years' is scrawled in large letters; I for one can only heartily endorse that sentiment.

This is crap, and what's more at £4.95 it's expensive crap. Forget it.

DAVE DICKSON

'ROCK ODYSSEY' by Ian Whitcombe *(Hutchinson)*
I DON'T know if you have ever read 'Be Bop A Luh La . . .' by Nik Cohn, but if you haven't then take it from me, it's one of the best rock and roll books ever written, inspiring a generation of writers in the British music press to take their craft *seriously*. You think *we're* good on *Kerrang!*? ha! . . . you have *got* to read Nik Cohn.

'Rock Odyssey' by Ian Whitcombe has got the same style, the same edgy echoes of red meat rock writing. I won't bore you with the, uh, 'plot', but I will say this: it may not be *the* best rock book ever written but it might just be *one* of them.

MICK WALL

Rockstars

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

VIDEOS

'ROCK COCKTAIL' *(CBS/Fox)*
NO GREAT shakes, 'Rock Cocktail' drips of the soggy, commercialism that strangles USTV with the wettest and the worse kind of American bulls**t.

Journey, whom I've always had an affection for, turn out their dullest video piece in 'Chain Reaction' (dinner jackets, already?), whilst Quiet Riot drone on into their droogie boogie with their thin-skinned version of Slade's 'Cum On Feel The Noize', *and* they spell the title wrong on the sleeve – cheapskates!

Toto and Cyndi Lauper win first prize for their totally innocuous videos for 'Rosanna' and 'Girls Just Want To Have Fun' respectively. Paul Young, Bonnie Tyler, Men At Work . . . the list is lacklustre and lukewarm, the performances uninspired and *trés* American.

Thank you, Hollywood, we love you, too.

MICK WALL

FILMS

'THIS IS SPÏNAL TAP' *(15)*

THE FEBRILE imagination of Rob Reiner, the film's co-writer and director, belongs on your screen. I think you're going to like this one kiddies, cos it's a corker!

Funny? FUNNY??? I was carried out in an oxygen tent and had to be given an injection in the bum to calm me down, man . . .

You remember the 'Bad News Tour' that the Comic Strippers put together for our edification? Sure you do. Well, 'This is Spïnal Tap' is similar.

The band are British and are touring the States for the first time in six years. They've been together 17 years; they've seen the Beatles come and go; they've gone through their acid-period in '68. Their new album, 'Smell The Glove', features a picture of a beautiful naked girl down on her hands and knees, dog collar prettily strapped to her throat, and she is sniffing an extended glove. Mmmm . . . rock and roll!!!

The film is a 'film' of the tour and it's riotous. Very accurate in its send-up of the convoluted side of the rock industry, like a cross between National Lampoon and the Comic Strip, if such a mutation makes any sense.

The dressing room scenes with the grovelling, spaced-out record execs are cringingly funny, and the arguments between the band are classic.

Buy yourself a bottle of Jack Daniels and go and enjoy this film with your mates. A horrible pain in the side from laughing is guaranteed.

MICK WALL

'DREAMSCAPE' *(15)*
IF YOU can believe Eddie Albert as the President of the United States, overlook the unintentionally humorous dialogue when all around are laughing their heads off, and suspend your disbelief beyond the average Bond film, then you might just enjoy this erratic piece of hokum.

It concerns a young psychic's involvement with a secret government experiment in the 'dreamscape' – the 'world' where dreams take place. Max Von Sydow plays Dr Paul Novotny the head of the project who sends his young protegé (Dennis Quaid) into other people's dreams in an effort to cure psychological illnesses.

The special effects are quite good, a cross between Disney, 'The Twilight Zone Movie' and 'Brainstorm', but its the increasing frequency of ludicrous dialogue together with intentional spasms of comedy, that dilute the impact of several potentially scary moments.

Much of the blame for the uneasy mix of styles and general lack of commitment must rest with director Joe Roben. He has botched a very promising project by failing to take his subject seriously and leaving the special effects crew to compensate for his inability to sustain suspense.

PAUL ROLAND

'ROMANCING THE STONE' *(PG)*
YOU CAN'T beat a good jungle spoof adventure, particularly one that takes the piss out of 'Indiana Jones And The Temple Of (Dr) Doom'.

This film wins hands down over Spielberg's epic because it has a far wittier script, relying less on flash and gloss for effect. One especially amusing scene occurs when a *Renault* transporting the two stars, Kathleen Turner and Michael Douglas, drops 60 feet over a waterfall . . . and simply carries on going down river as if nothing had happened!

All the jungle footage is top notch and the level of tongue-in-cheek acting is very high. Yep, this is thoroughly recommended, after all any movie that ends with a big yacht sailing down New York's Fifth Avenue has got to be a winner!

XAVIER RUSSELL

'STREETS OF FIRE' *(15)*
THERE WAS a time when rock 'n' roll movies made you cringe. Now we have 'Streets Of Fire' (sub-titled 'a rock 'n' roll fantasy') and the excitement is more powerful than any number of rock concerts. It's slick, fast and violent. But it's also fun and very exciting.

Basically it's an up-date on 'West Side Story'. Up against the Hell's Angels, who kidnap a beautiful girl singer (Diane Lane) off stage in the middle of a concert, is her old boy friend (Michael Pare). He agrees to stage a spectacular rescue operation, strictly for the money, hooking up along the way with a tough female soldier.

Right from the opening shots of a band in concert, zooming down on a typical teenage venue, the impact of the camera work and sound is sensational. The grumbling, slightly out of tune guitars throb like motor cycle engines, capturing the essence of rock's original promise. The Blasters are responsible for some of the best music in the movie, but there are also contributions by the Fixx, Fire Inc and Ry Cooder.

CHRIS WELCH

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SPANISH FLYERS

HOWARD JOHNSON spends a 'lost weekend' in Madrid with local 'rockeros', BARON ROJO.

SPAIN HAS always struck me as one of those 'odd' places, hardly slipping neatly into the European scheme of cleanliness and an orderly approach to life. Nah, it's all *siestas*, civil wars and no drinking water in your hotel, innit?! In short, Spain acts as a synonym for chaos and my arrival in Madrid does little to dispel these preconceptions.

With sombreroed snapper Raymondo Del Palmer in tow, I am met at Madrid's international airport by Baron Rojo's Brittanic boy Nick Garner, a sorta general dogsbody who has yet to master the Spanish method himself.

"F**kin' mad, innit?" gesticulates Garner as we career towards the city centre at the hands of Luis (or some such ethnic name), and he ain't kiddin'! Tyres burn rubber at a frantic pace and there's more tootin' goin' on than you'd encounter during a week in LA! As Luis hits the brakes just in time to avoid a fatal collision, I turn gingerly to a decidedly pallid Palmer:

"It's gonna be one of those trips, eh?"

Raymondo manages a faint nod of the noggin – yeah, it'll be one of those trips alright!

We have been summoned, we two, to be present at the recording of bombastic Baron Rojo's fourth vinyl excursion – a double-live extravaganza titled 'Baron Al Rojo Vivo' (a Spanish pun which is far too complicated to divulge!) – at Real Madrid's massive basketball stadium, and quite an event it turns out to be too; a flag-waving fiesta of Spanish youth and ample testament to the status of the red rockers in their native land! Ten thousand 'rockeros' force their way into the two gigs to show their appreciation of the Baron's musical madness.

HAVING BEEN acquainted with bassist José-Luis Campuzano, brotherly guitarists Carlos and Armando De Castro and drummer Hermes Calabria for quite some time now, it has never ceased to amaze me how four quiet, affable chaps can meta(l)morphose into such an outrageous rock 'n' roll animal when treading stage boards. These shows prove no exception, and once again I am left stunned by the magnitude of the rock 'n' roll that pours forth.

Believe me, on home turf the Barons are unbeatable, a steamroller of muscle and melody that excites and entertains in its own unique manner. Five thousand fans and an enormous PA combine to bring home the true essence of rock 'n' roll, and yet, as I expounded in my review of 'Baron Al Rojo Vivo' (see issue 70), this was the kind of carnival event you simply had to witness to fully appreciate. Somehow the vinyl product does little justice to what went down.

However, rock 'n' roll *is* alive, well and prospering in Spain, due in no small part to the efforts of Baron Rojo themselves. Simply backtrack to the band's three magnificent studio outings to understand their true depth and power and for now sit back and enjoy the antics of one mad weekend interspersed with enough Baron backchat to fill you in on the situation with the forgotten sons of Spain . . .

"Why are we doing a live album? Because all our fans have been asking for one!" explains Armando – not to mention the fact that it gives famed Fortnox ligger Chris 'CT' Tsangarides the chance of yet another working holiday manning the mobile Baron production boards along with assistant and womaniser Andy 'Reg' Warwick. It is around these two English exiles and dirtbag desperados that much of the weekend's activities revolve.

ON OUR first night in Madrid, for example, 'Reg' decides to introduce us to the delights of a certain club, which shall remain nameless, in order to . . . er . . . give us an insight into the . . . er . . . political situation in Spain. We enter, and are immediately accosted by a throng of 'chicas' sporting leopard-skin leotards and fishnet stockings. All girls being well acquainted with the workings of Billy Squier's 'The Stroke', this represents quite an experience.

However, the intention is this: that the girls coerce the poor, unsuspecting 'Inglesas' into purchasing a drink at 400 pesatas a throw – and naturally one for the girl at twice the price to bolster the bar's profits. Sneaky, huh? Except that 'CT' has warned us of the scam aforehand, so all members of the UK party purchase one drink each and get a look at a bit of leg for nowt! Mucho hilarity and it's England 1, Spain 0! Oh, and 'Reg' pulled one of the girls working in the bar (for free!), so make that 2–0. Fooled ya! Not really political at all, but a convenient way of introducing some blabber from one of the Barons, José-Luis. . .

"Of course, a few years back we had plenty of problems in Spain with politics because we are socialists in a predominantly right-wing country, but we managed to overcome them. What was interesting, though, was that we did a South American tour last year which brought all of the politics back to the forefront. We played shows in Argentina, Venezuela and Uruguay and the only difficulty was from the political side.

"We appeared in five thousand-seaters, the same halls that Van Halen played, and we did a lot of TV work which was great as the kids are really hungry for rock out there. We were very worried about political trouble in Argentina, but policemen were coming up and asking us for autographs!

"Surprisingly, the hassle came in Caracas, Venezuela. Someone from a right-wing political party came and asked if we would do some gigs for them as part of their election campaign. They offered us two million US dollars, but we turned them down! Apparently, they offered the same to Van Halen and they *did* the shows, but that party didn't win the election anyway!"

SPEAKING OF losing out, what went wrong with the Barons' mucho deserved UK contract with *Kamaflage Records*? Carlos:

"The label didn't really believe in hard rock, but the experience was great. We really learnt a lot from going out on the road with Hawkwind in the UK (1982) and, although it wasn't the best tour we could've had, it really taught us a lot. We learnt things that we were able to put to use in Spain.

"Our following in Europe has increased a good deal now and we've got a great contract with *Mausoleum* for the Benelux countries, so we're still quite pleased with the way things are going. Having a name heavy rock producer should help too. Besides, we like blond producers!"

Yeah, but that blond producer doesn't like the blond Spanish 'women' . . .

There we were outside the hotel at midnight eyeing up a young 'girl' in thigh-high leather boots coming our way, tongues a-droppin', when 'CT' yells: "Run for it! Look at the bulge in his pants! It's a bloke!" Fancy making it with THAT! Oh, my God!!

Making it? José-Luis:

"We're still really interested in the States and as soon as we get the chance we'd love to go there. Hey, c'mon, if Julio Iglesias can make it, then anyone can!"

Bank on it. Minus the odd hiccup, the Barons are still flying high, and after such a riotous weekend El Palmer and I can't wait to see them back in action. The same should go for you!

As a postscript to the above Spanish merriment, it has now been confirmed that the *Mausoleum* label have had the good sense to issue some UK product from the Barons. Not content with doing things by halves, the wacky indie label has released no less than four of the band's albums – their second disc, 'Volumen Brutal', an English lyric version of the same, their third disc 'Metalmorphosis' and their most recent record, the live-double 'Baron Al Rojo Vivo'! Serious fare indeed!

BARON ROJO (l-r): Armando and Carlos De Castro, Hermes Calabria, José-Luis Campuzano.

Pic: Ray Palmer

FROM PAGE 4

■ AUSTRALIAN BAND **Heaven**, now based in the US, have signed a management deal with **Paul O'Neil** in conjunction with *CCC*, who handle the **Scorpions, MSG, Victory** and **Michael Bolton.**

The band, whose line-up is now **Allan Fryer** (vocals), **Mark Evans** (bass), **Tom Theodore Dimitrost** (drums) and **Martin Renzenla/ Mitch Perry** (guitars), begin work on a new album during early October. O'Neil will be producing this platter at Record Plant Studios in New York. As yet untitled, the LP will be issued on *CBS* next January.

■ **RANDY CALIFORNIA** issues an album on the *Mercury* label during November. As yet untitled, it was produced by the guitarist with help from engineer **Mike Shepherd** and features guest appearances from drummer **Curly Smith** and bassist **Neil Murray.**

Although California has now left **Spirit** he has just finished playing with them on their US tour.

■ **TWISTED SISTER** have just shot a video for **'I Wanna Rock'**, a song from their **'Stay Hungry'** set which has just been certified a gold album in the US. The number is expected to be issued as an American single in the near future.

The band are currently on tour Stateside with **Y&T.** It's expected that they'll be on the road for the next few months with a return UK trip in the pipeline for November.

■ UK BASED booking agency *ITB* have signed **Ratt** and **Night Ranger** for all European territories. Both bands should be undertaking their first British appearances during 1985.

■ **IQ** INTEND to issue a new three-track single during November. The A-side will feature **'Barbell'**, whilst the flip has **'Just Changing Hands'** plus **'Dans Le Parc'.** As yet no label deal has been signed for this record.

■ *THUNDERBOLT RECORDS* issue a compilation of early **Samson** material on September 7. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Mister Rock & Roll', 'Big Brother', 'Koz', 'Leavin' You'** and **'It's Not As Easy As It Seems'.**

Side Two: **'Telephone', 'Wrong Side Of Time', 'Primrose Shuffle', 'I Wish I Was The Saddle Of A Schoolgirl's Bike'** and **'Inside Out'.**

■ SOUTH OF ENGLAND band **Fortune** have now split up. The reason given is 'interference from manager **Harry Maloney**'. Two of the quartet, vocalist **Steve Carney** and bassist **John Raymond**, are likely to announce details of a new project soon.

■ DUTCH QUINTET **Together** recorded recently at Seagull Sound Studio; **Nikki Buzz** produced. As yet it's not known if the results will be made commercially available.

■ ESSEX BAND **Arena** are keen to sign both management and recording contracts. The trio (whose line-up is lead vocalist/ guitarist **Keith Martin**, bassist/ backing vocalist **Steve Hexter** and drummer **Richard Hexter**) play what is described as 'straightforward rock 'n' roll'. They can be reached *via* Martin at: **17, Longfield Rd, Shotgate, Wickford, Essex SS11 8PU.** Tel: **03744 65518.**

Arena will be appearing at **Walthamstow Royal Standard** September 12, **Basildon Roundacre** October 15.

■ ***WAYSTED*** *(above from left: guitarist* ***Neil Shepherd****, vocalist* ***Fin****, bassist* ***Pete Way*** *and drummer* ***Andy Parker****) issue a five-track mini-album through* Music For Nations *on September 7. Titled* ***'Waysted'****, it was produced by* ***Leo Lyons*** *at his own studio in Oxford and has the following track listing:*

Side One*:* ***'Won't Get Out Alive'****,* ***'The Price You Pay'*** *and* ***'Rock Steady'****.*

Side Two*:* ***'Hurts So Good'*** *(a ballad) and* ***'Cinderella Boy'*** *(an eight minute epic).*

The band will be supporting ***Iron Maiden*** *on their forthcoming UK tour, which kicks off at* ***Glasgow Apollo*** *on September 11. See issues 67/71 for full details.*

They follow this trek with some US dates and intend to begin work on a full length album for release in early 1985 on MFN.

TOUR DATES

MÖTLEY CRÜE (above) follow up their forthcoming two-month stint as support act on **Iron Maiden**'s European tour with a one-off special at London Dominion Theatre on November 19. Tickets are on sale now, priced at £5/£4.50/£4.

In the meantime, the band's current single **'Looks That Kill'** (reviewed in issue 73) has now been made available in four-track 12" picture disc form. Aside from the main cut, the record also features **'Helter Skelter'** (which, like 'Looks. . .', comes from the 'Shout At The Devil' set) plus **'Piece Of Your Action'** and **'Live Wire'** (both taken from the 'Too Fast For Love' album).

WRATHCHILD *precede their forthcoming support slot on the* ***W.A.S.P.*** *UK tour (see issue 75 for full details) with the following shows: Runcorn Cherry Tree September 5, Leeds Bier Keller 6, Oldham Oddies 8, Birkenhead Stairways 8, London Dingwalls 12, Derby Rock House 14.*

PERSIAN RISK *play London Dingwalls September 5, Cardiff Bogies 8, London Dingwalls 17, Woolwich Tramshed 20, Roxburgh Heads 21, Minehead Butlins October 1, Warrington Lion Hotel November 10.*

THE PAULINE GILLAN BAND *have lined up dates at Scarborough Victoria's September 7, Staveley Speedwell Inn 8, Cheadle The Highwayman 9, Leeds Bier Keller 13, Barrow Haven Inn 14, Norwich Whites 15, Kings Lynn The Precinct 16, Stoke-On-Trent Wagon & Horses 28, Guildford The Royal 29, Louth The Greyhound Inn 30.*

GEORDIE *go back on the road during September with the following dates: Stoke-On-Trent Wagon & Horses 21, Norwich Whites 22, Louth Greyhound Inn 23, Carlisle Stars & Stripes 25, Leeds Bier Keller 27, Guildford The Royal 28.*

FRANK ZAPPA *plays two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 24. The performances are at 6.30 pm and 9.30 pm. Tickets are priced at £8.50/£7.50 for both gigs.*

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS *have confirmed the following dates: Oxford Penny Farthing September 14, Warrington Lion Hotel 15, Watford Verulam Heads 20, Portsmouth Kings Theatre 21, Guildford The Royal 27, London Marquee Club 28, Birkenhead Stairways Club 29.*

PETER GREEN *makes his only scheduled UK appearance at London Dingwalls on September 13. Tickets are priced at £4 (in advance) or £4.50 (on the night).*

THE ENID *will be appearing at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 10. Support act will be IQ.*

NAZARETH *embark on a full UK tour during October: Nottingham Rock City 2, Barnstable Queens Hall 4, Bath University 5, Glasgow Mayfair 7, Edinburgh Coasters 8, Ayr Pavilion 10, Whitehaven Whitehouse 11, Newcastle Mayfair 12, Slough Fulcrum Centre 17, Manchester University 19, Stafford Gatehouse Theatre 22, Worthing Assembly Rooms 25, Guildford University Of Surrey 26, St. Albans City Hall 27, Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 28, London Dominion Theatre 29.*

The band issue their latest album, ***'The Catch'****, worldwide through* Phonogram *on September 21. See* Mayhem *issue 72 for full details.*

W.A.S.P. *have cancelled two previously announced dates on their upcoming UK tour: Belfast Ulster Hall September 18 and Middlesbrough Town Hall 20..*

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KONCERTS

BERNIE TORME/PERSIAN RISK
Marquee, London

BRING BACK the rain, cos Heavy Metal and sunshine just don't mix. At that ol' sauna the Marquee the other night, I don't think I coulda survived without a cold beer in my hand. Now, some of you out there in Metalsville may recall Howard Johnson's recent rave review of Persian Risk's 12 incher 'Too Different, Two People', and whaddya know, our man with the striped tie has actually got it right for a change.

Persian Risk live are better than Persian Risk on vinyl. Despite losing guitarist Phil Campbell to Motörhead, the Risk still managed to turn in a very entertaining 40 minutes' worth of upmarket AOR mayhem.

I do like a band that can write a tune which is still hummable two days after you first heard it, and that was very much the case here. The Risk seem to have acquired quite a cult following: the majority of punters present tonight seemed very familiar with the quartet's repertoire.

Kicking off with 'Hang On', the lads could do no wrong, delivering real powerhouse rock. In fact, I found it hard to believe I was watching a support band. Frontman Carl Sentance wasn't over-flash, he simply got on with the job of belting out his lines with the minimum of fuss. According to my scribbled notes, 'Lost Souls' was slightly Maiden influenced, containing some superb axe work from Graham Bath, who did his best to look like Joe Perry with a snout hanging out of his 'boat'!

My sole complaint about the Risk sound is that it would be even richer and fuller if a second guitar was added; Bath would not then be forced to churn out rhythm and lead at the same time.

Risk got the whole place shaking when they delivered an absolute classic in the form of 'Women In Rock'; indeed the song enjoyed such a favourable response that I can see it becoming an anthem of our times. Talk about catchy, squire! My advice to the folks at *Zebra Records* is get this song out as a single *el quicko*!

So on to pint number six and headliner Bernie Tormé. Now, unlike the Risk, not one of Tormé's numbers is particularly memorable. Sure, the man is a brilliant guitarist, but is that enough?

Halfway through Tormé's set, Mötley Crüe vocalist Vince Neil staggered into the Marquee and was mobbed. It was at this point that Tormé collapsed onstage; was it the heat, or because Neil seemed to be attracting more attention? I really feel sorry for Bernie, cos he obviously has it in him to write some killer Metal toons. Maybe next time, eh? When the weather's a bit cooler. XAVIER RUSSELL

PALLAS
Marquee, London

PALLAS HAVE always had the distinct disadvantage of following in the footsteps of Marillion's trail-blazing success. Whilst Fish and his crew reap the rewards of the progressive revival with little more than regurgitated Genesis licks and Gabriel assimilations, to my mind Pallas have always been the real leaders of a clique that desperately lacks true identity.

Although seen by many at the time as a rash decision, I view the removal of vocalist Euan Lowson as a positive attempt to revive the flagging fortunes of the band. Having been treated to a sneak preview of songs featuring new vocalist Alan Reed, I'm perfectly confident that Pallas now have the potential to develop their initial promise into something very special, very big and very original.

Onstage, Reed has dynamic personality. Stripped bare of Lowson's cheap gimmickry, the man operates on a warm-blooded, human level that creates a feeling of sprightly tension rather than incidental and boring obtuseness. With deep soulful tones, his voice is as far removed from those of Gabriel, Anderson, Hammill *and* Fish as you could possibly imagine.

However, choosing the Marquee to showcase Reed's effectiveness was, unfortunately, a bad move. The heat inside the club was literally unbearable and it was obvious that Reed, together with the rest of the band, was suffering because of it. Of the material played, it was the shorter, more accessible songs such as 'Arrive Alive' and 'Shock Treatment' that left impressions, whilst the serious complexities of 'Cut And Run', 'Arc Of Infinity' and 'Atlantis' simply made the going extremely tough.

Despite the conditions, the band were still tight, proficient and very accomplished. Showcasing three new songs – 'Mad Machine', 'Time Wheels' and the Zeppelinesque 'Nightmare' (similar in pacing to 'Kashmir') – they proved that, apart from anything else, their songwriting ability has improved dramatically.

With the new-born enthusiasm shown at this gig, Pallas' future, on the face of it, looks brighter than ever. I only hope they don't let me down. DEREK OLIVER

Pic Rock Index

NEW PALLAS frontman Alan Reed: dynamic personality

TOKYO BLADE
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

"I LOVE Eddie Van Halen. I wish I could write songs half as good as his!"

Just when you thought it was safe to come out of the closet, HoJo's decided to subject you to *more* Andy Taylorisms!

No, no, no, NO! Just kiddin', chummies! It wasn't really Andy Taylor making those utterings at all. These words belong rather to Andy Boulton, a guitarist of admittedly lesser repute, but a man with the burning desire to put things right in that department through the medium of his heavy rock band Tokyo Blade.

Admittedly, young Andy's realism is nothing less than the truth. In their present state Tokyo Blade will hardly be putting the willies up Eddie's axe, for they aren't much more than a standard, competent live hard rock outfit.

Point against them: the band do not as yet have anywhere near enough memorable tunes emitting from the stacks. There are plenty of hopeful glimpses in the likes of 'Turn Around In Tokyo', the new single 'Lightning Strikes' and the band's *piece de resistance* 'If Heaven Is Hell', but there is too much generally uninspired guff to carry a whole set.

Points in their favour: the above tunes prove that they have the ability. The band look good, they dress well and have enormous amounts of enthusiasm (witness bass banger Andy Wrighton) and savvy. They possess a young vocalist in Vic Wright who could well develop into something very special, both visually and vocally. The band is young, with plenty of time to develop their act.

With Tokyo Blade's popularity on the increase in both Europe and the States, and with little punter interest being displayed in the UK, it could well be that the band may eventually decide to leave these shores for more receptive climes. The band seem to be serious enough to go all the way, and if that's the case then you'll be kicking yourselves for missing 'em, won't you? Pub rock that aspires to the stadia. Who can say whether it'll be a pint of bitter or a Buck's Fizz in the future? HOWARD JOHNSON

AEROSMITH
Poplar Creek, Chicago

I'M LATE, I'm late for a very important date! More anxious than the Rabbit, I stood outside the gates of Poplar Creek (a Sunnybrook Farm-ish outdoor 'music theatre' on the outskirts of Chicago), caught up in a hassle with red tape.

After a long delay, 'a power from above' came down to the rescue and, pronto, I was off for the front and a piece of the action. Halfway through the 40 yard dash, however, I was halted by the familiar form of Paul Natkin, Chicago's resident lens master. Strangely enough, he was already making a beeline towards the exit. "They're old and ugly," he shrugged in passing, whilst I silently recited the *cliché* of beauty being in the eyes of the beholder.

In the band's defence, it should be noted that expectations of the reformed Aerosmith team of Tyler/Perry/Whitford/Hamilton/Kramer ran especially high in Chicago, since a large proportion of the audience (myself included) had been around to witness the initial intensity of the Aerosmith fire during their regular forays on the Mid-Western college circuit in the early '70s. But, although they deservedly received an open-armed welcome, even ten years-plus worth of sentimentality wasn't enough to disguise the pervasive feeling that *something* was missing.

For any fan with an ounce of heart remaining, seeing Joe Perry and Brad Whitford 'back in the saddle' with the rest of the boys was a worthwhile experience in itself. Unfortunately, their instrumental contributions were difficult to fully appreciate due to the persistent bugaboo of a muddled mix and echoing acoustics. Yet, when the old flame did flicker back on momentarily during a few classic numbers (ie 'Walk This Way', 'Dream On' and especially 'Sweet Emotion'), it was primarily as a result of their renewed presence. In addition, Perry seemed comfortable – even happy – in his once familiar position and stepped forth to deliver a Project tune later in the set. But, as for Steve Tyler, well, apart from some playful nudging around with old pal Perry and other assorted antics, he seemed to be struggling through a performance that was painfully on the wrong side of sloppy.

The question this night wasn't one of charisma or image, but rather one of professionalism. Among other things, our man Tyler was having some mighty peculiar problems maintaining his equilibrium anywhere he wandered. There's nothing more endearing than a frontman who dares to venture into the jaws of the front rows for the sake of embracing/exciting an audience, but there's a difference when a guy literally swoons off the stage on to a mattress of people. When a performer of Tyler's status stumbles with such conspicuous frequency and (gasp!) trips over backwards in the middle of a song, it's not just embarrassing, it's downright *disturbing*.

This problem took on further significance two nights later when Tyler 'fell' off the stage yet again. Although he was reportedly uninjured, this time the band decided to cancel the rest of the show 40 minutes into the set. Of course, the crowd was none too pleased, but that's another story. . .

However, the future of Aerosmith isn't as dismal as it might seem. If Tyler can get his act together again, perhaps the band will stay around long enough to iron out the rough spots. When the climber begins to slide down the mountain, he either lets go or he digs his heels in harder. Here's hoping that Tyler – and Aerosmith – will opt to choose the latter course. SHELLY HARRIS

FAMOUS SCIENTISTS
Silks, Thatcham

THERE'S ALWAYS a certain buzz involved in finding something special in its very early days. Thus it was that yours truly opted to catch Famous Scientists testing the water on a dull Monday night.

My *chaffeuse et moi* thought we'd nearly reached the Atlantic by the time we found Thatcham; Famous Scientists appear to have virtually crossed it already if their set was anything to go by. American radio survives on the brand of quality rock that this cohesive four-piece churn out with apparent ease; warm, brisk and swathed in instrumental colour, the Scientists' songs are uncomplicated examples of toe-tapping verve and harmonic charm.

On the reverse side of the coin, the songs do seem to lack the necessary support from the band themselves. Impressive musicians one and all – including Simon House on violin and keyboards, who's played with everyone from Bowie to Hawkwind – they're more than a shade anonymous on stage, and fail to invest their delivery with any degree of distinction. Bassist and lead vocalist Ian Henderson certainly looks the part, but seems to lack both the character and the high class voice necessary if the Scientists are going to be pinpointed by the record companies as *the* band to sign. It's tempting to suggest that the boys need a good vocalist to front them, plus a series of lessons on how to look like an exciting rock band.

On the plus side, whilst Famous Scientists erred a little with a couple of drab rockers that closed their set (*qv* Free/Faces/Stones), they preceded them with some magnificent high-standard rock, all invested with a shade of interest and character by Simon House's violin. Such strength puts them ahead of much of the competition.

PAUL SUTER

FIELDS OF FIRE

Kerrang!'s festival four get to grips with Donington '84 and a cast(le) of thousands.

'MONSTERS OF ROCK' FESTIVAL, Castle Donington

IT WASN'T until I strolled into the arena that I realised the full implications of this year's 'Monsters Of Rock' festival. The sheer outrageous size of everything in view from the massive PA stacks to the unending sea of pale blue denim was simply staggering.

Wandering about the site in scorching sunshine, it soon became apparent that the spectacular star-studded line-up had attracted fans in such numbers that all previous attendance records looked like being smashed as a matter of course rather than as a possibility. Resembling an outrageous carnival funhouse, the scene was both fascinating and magically touching.

I guess the most important in-house improvement this year, and one that has long been overdue, was the installment of a PA system that worked correctly. Previous Donington shows have always been marred by appalling sound equipment. Thankfully, it would seem that this is no longer a problem.

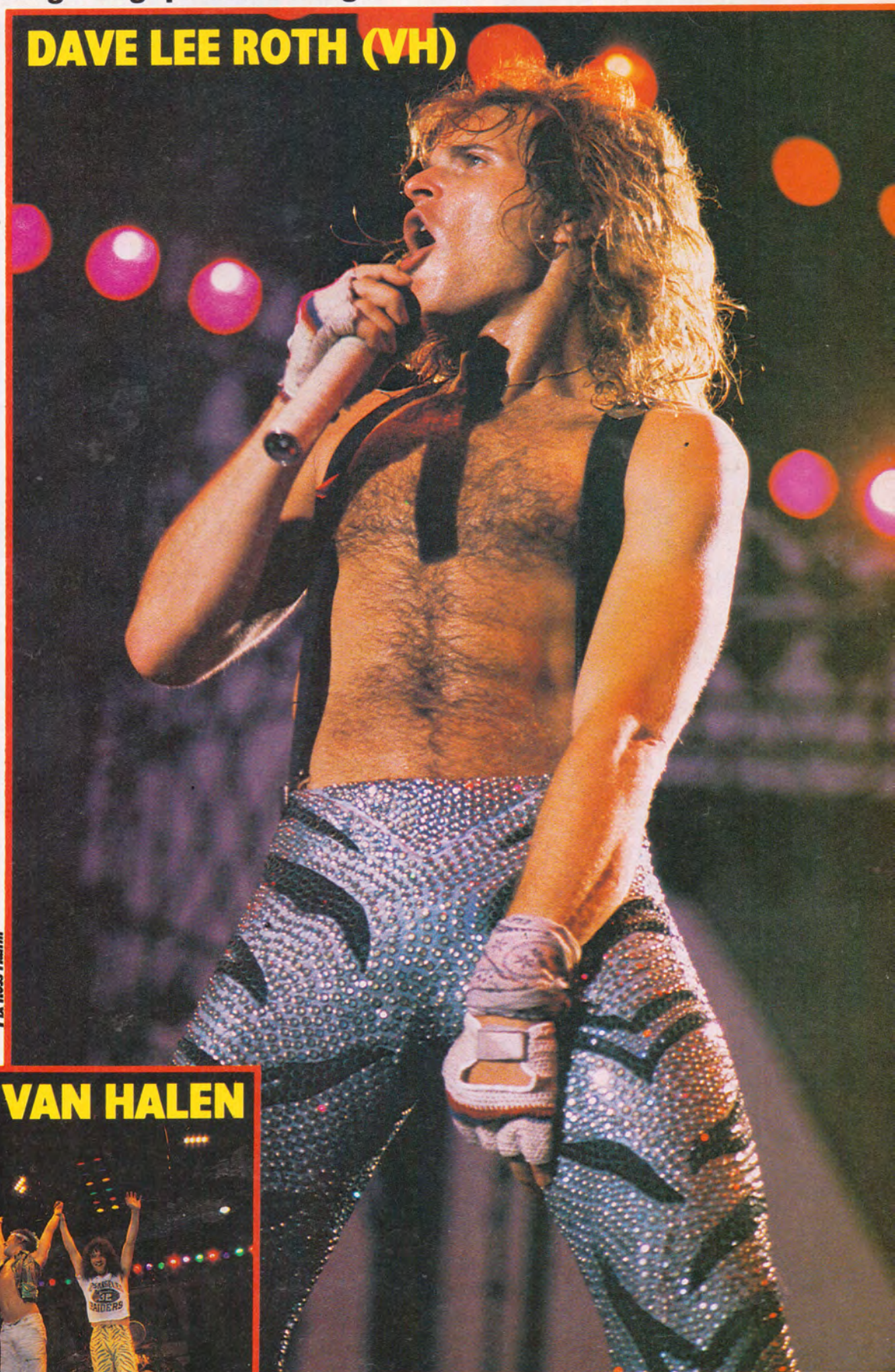
With the crowd still pouring through the gates, **Mötley Crüe** hit the stage at the unexpectedly early hour of 12 noon – a full 30 minutes before their publicised appearance time (no explanation was offered, I might add).

Greeted initially with a little apprehension, including some familiar missile throwing, they rose to the challenge in fighting fashion and won the crowd's affection within the space of their first number, the appropriately titled 'Bastard'.

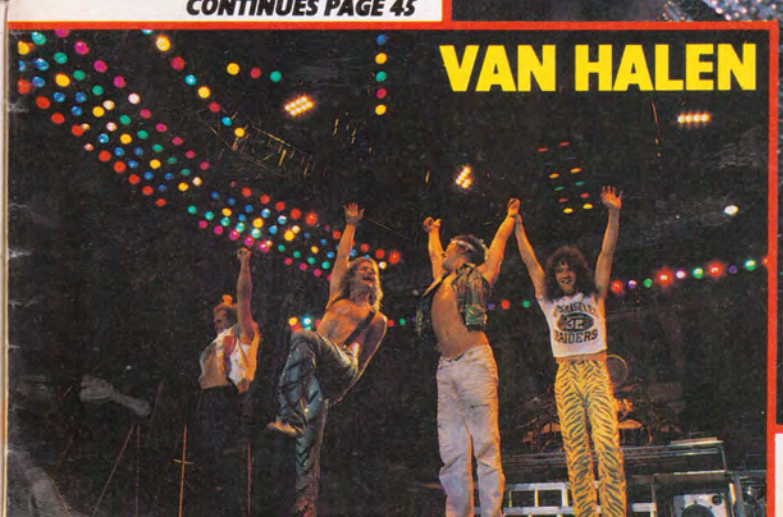
Covered from head to toe in multi-coloured leather and studded belts, the Crüe proved conclusively to the British headbanging public that their success Stateside hasn't been built on image alone. The band rip out *real* Metal thunder, tighter and heavier than any other LA act you care to mention. The likes of Quiet Riot are simply laughable in comparison.

Rampaging through a selection of their best cuts, the Crüe turned initial indifference to positive appreciation. By the time they reached 'Ten Seconds 'Till Love', the crowd were eating out of their hands and victory had undeniably been secured.

CONTINUES PAGE 45



Pix Ross Halfin



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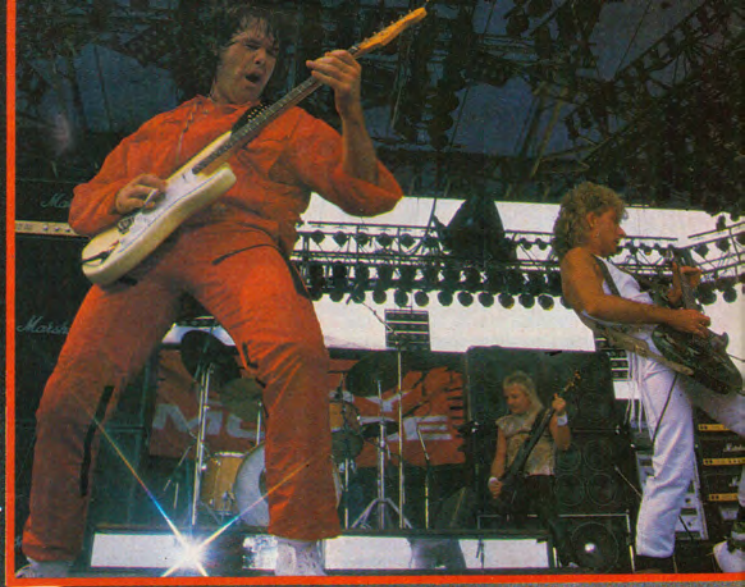


ACCEPT
(above)

DAVE MENIKETTI
Y & T
(right)

Pic Justin Thomas

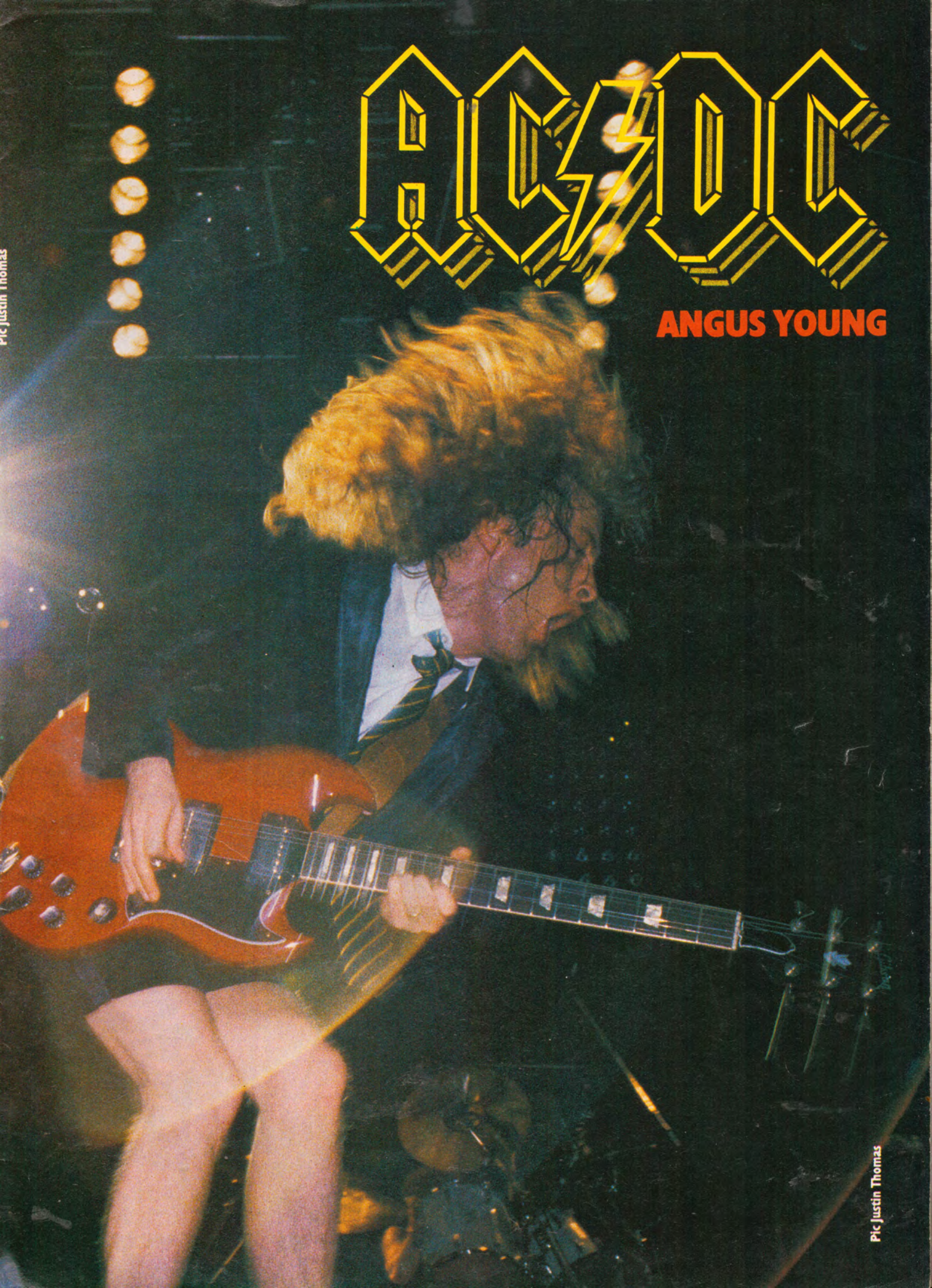
GARY MOORE BAND
(above)

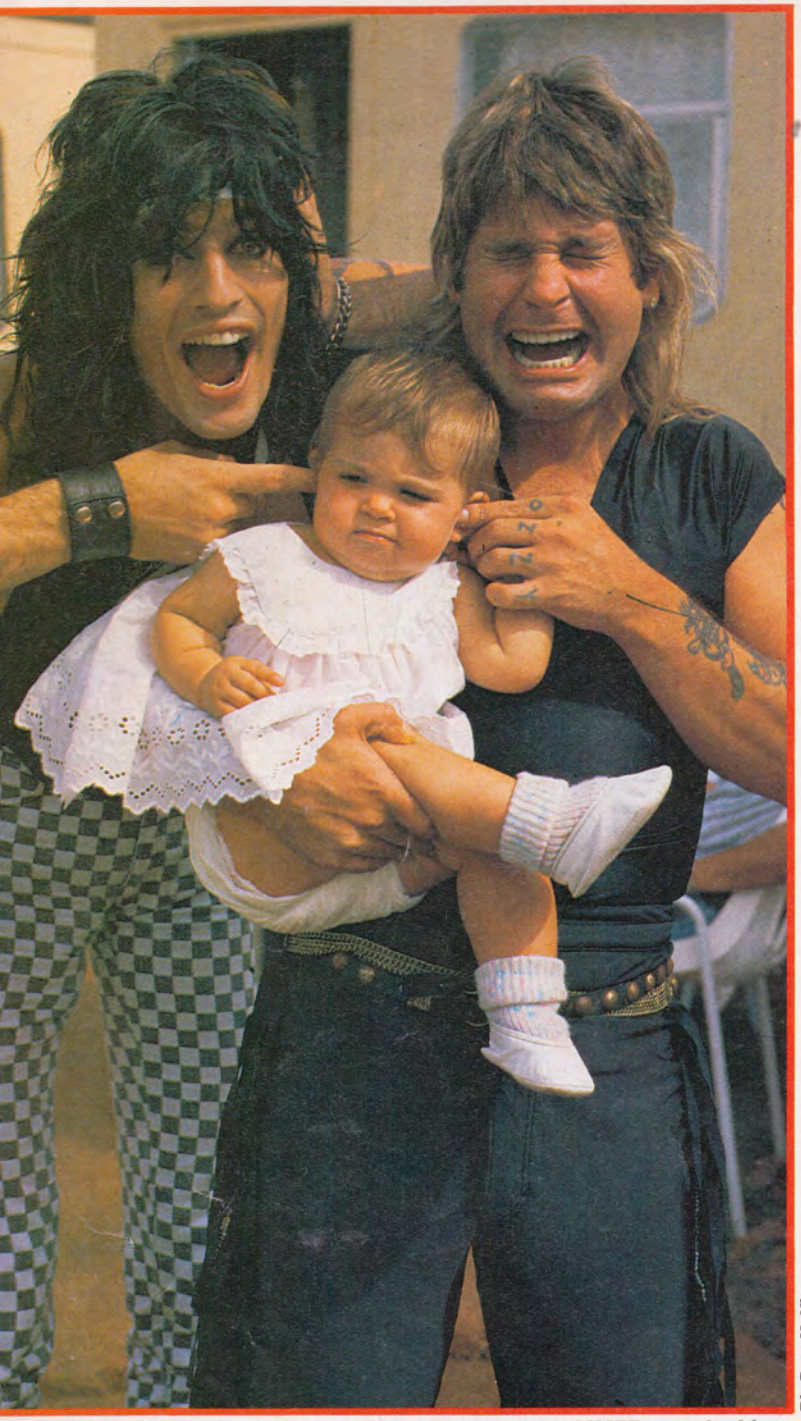
NIKKI SIXX
MÖTLEY CRÜE
(below)

OZZY OSBOURNE
(below)

Pic Ray Palmer

Pic Ray Palmer


AC/DC
ANGUS YOUNG
Pic Justin Thomas
Pic Justin Thomas



Pic Ross Halfin

▲ The Crüe's TOMMY LEE with OZZY and baby AIMEE: ears looking at you, kid. . .

Pic Ross Halfin

▲ Y&T's PHIL KENNEMORE and Mötley's NIKKI SIXX about to make a wish. Man in the middle is Van Halen's MICHAEL ANTHONY

Pic George Bodnar

▲ Van Halen's DAVE LEE ROTH assumes the thinking position

Pic Ross Halfin

▲ Journey's NEAL SCHON and EDDIE VAN HALEN: good pals but no Donington jam. . .

DONINGTON
FROM PAGE 41

'Red Hot' (Rocking!), the AC/DC inspired 'Looks That Kill', which included full crowd participation, and the closer 'Live Wire' were all executed with pinpoint perfection, the band encoring with an acid-crazed rendition of 'Helter Skelter'.

DEREK OLIVER

STAGGERING LIKE a dog with three legs suffering from a severe case of the rabies-shakes, me and **Accept** bumped heads and the explosion could be heard three miles away . . . Vocalist Udo Dirkschneider remained unmoved, however, continuing to lead his brave Aryan warriors into a full-frontal attack on the torn and tattered nerve endings of the mad rock 'n' rollers who'd gathered under the yellow metal sun to worship and give thanks to that great heavy rock God in the sky . . .

For what it's worth, Accept were the best band I saw all day. Not that the competition was what a kid like me might call, uh, strong, but all the same Udo and the boyz came top of the poll for guts, energy, and, best of all, *loudness*! Wolf Hoffmann and Jörg Fischer on lead guitars ran and jumped and posed around with the synchronised splendour of a charged-up futurised mutant version of the Shadows.

All those US stadia gigs that the band have been doing this year have honed their act into the ideal vehicle for visual enticement at festivals as large as this one. Particularly good were 'Balls To The Wall' and 'Restless And Wild' (and I didn't even mention the War once . . .)

MICK WALL

NOW I wouldn't risk life and wallet to clock Frisco mob **Y&T** like I would for the mighty VH, but past encounters have always been pleasant even if I've invariably been left with the opinion that the band lack one vital ingredient which'd make 'em outstanding. And I'm afraid that after their Donington performance I still couldn't put my finger on the missing factor, continuing to regard the boys as merely a good band of no special attraction.

Shame really. Dave Meniketti, whose strides were almost as outrageous as the sausage 'n' chip prices, is a fine guitarist and really deserves to be in a better band than this. Through 'Mean Streak', 'Lipstick 'N' Leather', 'Rescue Me' and 'Masters & Slaves', he juggled the fret frolics and the warbling whilst struggling under the hefty weight of frontmanship. He copes quite well, but he really hasn't the character to pull off a memorable one-man-show.

One definite no-no was DM's long solo during 'Masters . . .', which was boring at best, but that apart de guyzz produced a set that certainly didn't deserve the sickening bombardment of bottles they got from a number of prize prats in the crowd. Sadly, the biggest hit of their performance was the bottle that caught DM full on the mush.

Still, battling on bravely, Y&T finished on a coupla high notes with 'Hell Or High Water' and the splendid 'Forever'. Maybe next time they'll be given a bit more of a chance.

MARK PUTTERFORD

DRESSED IN a natty red track-suit, **Gary Moore** paraded his talents with assurance and the natural aplomb of the true Guitar Hero. Behind him Neil Carter (hi, Neil, remember me?) on keyboards and second guitar, Craig Gruber on bass and Paul Thompson on drums, rolled on out with taste and panache.

'Empty Rooms', 'Murder In The Skies', both were well received by the heat-infected crowd, but when the band cruised up and over into old shadow anthems like 'Shapes Of Things' and Free's 'Wishing Well' I lost interest fast. They play 'em OK, but it's all kinda obligatory, unmoving, a dry ride. Better were 'Victims Of The Future' and the encore, 'Parisienne Walkways' – which the crowd reacted to as if Bob Dylan had just walked on with a harmonica hanging outta his gob singing 'Blowin' In The Wind'. You know, massive applause!

Gary Moore is always going to rate as one of the finest guitarists in the world, his blues playing I find particularly moving, he just needs to churn out a few more classics of his own and forget about the covers.

Good rockin' though Gazza, good rockin' . . .

MICK WALL

FRANKLY, and I don't care what anyone has to say about the performances of AC/DC and Van Halen, **Ozzy Osbourne** stole the show. Rolling around in a cradle of animalistic riffs, he crushed his festival contemporaries with the delicacy of King Kong buggering a defenceless field mouse.

The ceaseless cacophony began with the boot aggression of 'I Don't Know'. Beneath the *Baader-Meinhoff* riffing, disjointed verbal barrage and self-mitigating naivety, lies the foundation of Ozzy's frightening reality. Effectively, and perhaps unintentionally, the man knows where to hit hardest; below the belt and deep into the crotch.

During the prosaic deathly romance of 'Mr Crowley', Ozzy sings (?) in raw yet coherent fashion. Actually, the song is nearly tuneless but the man's humanism expresses qualities that in less bizarre hands would be little more than empty gestures.

By mid-set the fervent appreciation of the crowd had reached almost apocalyptic proportions. Like relentless lemmings, several poor souls found the lure of Ozzy's presence almost too difficult to handle. Scaling the stage, they rushed to the man like lepers seeking the healing hands of the Lord himself. On most occasions he dutifully obliged successful fans – those who'd dodged through the bouncers and anguished photographers – by allowing them to splutter a brief incoherent message into the microphone. Even at this point there was no betrayal.

The band, however, hold the key to Ozzy's menacing art. Jake E. Lee trashed just about every other guitarist ('cept maybe Mr Moore) featured on the menu, revelling in disjointed melody and wailing feedback, and elsewhere matters are just as effective. The rhythm team of Tommy Aldridge (back in the saddle!) on drums and long-standing bass partner Bob Daisley forms an unencumbered power base from which Jake E. Lee springboards with spluttering dexterity. This intensity is rounded off by Don Airey's professional and competent keyboard dabblings.

Unleashing a grotesque total of 13 songs, best of which were 'Over The Mountain', 'Rock 'N' Roll Rebel', 'Bark At The Moon', 'Steal Away The Night', 'Crazy Train' and the gross 'Iron Man', Ozzy injected more effort and exuberance into his performance than the rest of the bill mustered throughout the whole day.

Simply the greatest.

DEREK OLIVER

SO, WAS it worth it? Was it worth the build-up? Was it worth the wait? Was it f**k! C'mon, Eddie, we all know you can play, but a 15 minute guitar solo? Do me a favour! And a drum solo in the second number? Where I come from that's what we call taking the piss. And there's more: a bass solo so long it actually allowed frontman Dave Lee Roth to go offstage and change his entire outfit and probably still have time to down a few JD's and unleash his tongue on whatever flesh happened to be passing!

There are only two reasons why **Van Halen** are as big as they are and when one of them isn't functioning at all well you begin to wonder what all the fuss is about; except that Roth is not a man to be inhibited by the fact that his guitarist can't get it together.

Is any show worth going to just to listen to the raps? Well, if such a show exists then it's a Van Halen one! Granted most of them are well rehearsed routines like: *"Don't stick your tongue out at me unless you aim to use it!"* But some of the off-the-cuff ones are gems too, like: *"Michael Jackson ain't s**t on Heavy Metal, baby!"* or even, in answer to a bottle thrower: *"Hey, don't throw no s**t up onstage cos if you do, pal, I know after the show I'm gonna f**k your girlfriend!"*

Classic stuff that might just have been worth the price of the ticket alone.

But then we got onto the *clichéd* stuff, like: *"Donington, you're the REAL stars of this event!"* Oh yeah, Dave, and I suppose Lewisham is still the rock'n'roll capital of the world! And then trying to convince us they were filming it so they could show everyone back home how the English do it! Funny, he told the *Rainbow* audience the same thing a few years ago!

But let's not quibble. Then again, yeah, let's quibble. Too many solos, too few songs, only *12* in the whole set. Van Halen work best when they're delivering short, simple pop numbers like 'Jump' or 'Pretty Woman'. But then I wouldn't have missed it for the raps, the sword dance (did you know Roth used to be a dancer?) and the costumes. The Costumes!! The costumes were outrageous, Dave; a silver lamé jacket and panama hat – tastefully grotesque, eh?

But by the end of the day they'd run out of solos and they'd run out of songs to play (or at least ones Dave knew the words to). So they fell back on that old standard, 'You Really Got Me', as an encore number. What?! No 'Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love'? I mean, was this Van Halen, or what? And what with Eddie being shown how to do it by Jake E. Lee this must rank as a disappointment, maybe with a capital 'D'!

So it was a joke from a joke band, OK, but you stretched the joke out too far and too thin this time, guys. Let's see some sharper, snappier results next time around.

DAVE DICKSON

I PREFERRED **AC/DC** when they were still a punk band.

I have to say it, back in the good old days when they were grittier than a cinder track and dirtier than a night in Hamburg – those were the days when AC/DC were at their peak. Unfortunately, since Bon Scott's untimely demise it's been downhill all the way with the last thing they released of any note being 'Back In Black', which Scott had actually written.

Now we've got a huge, unwieldy dragon of a band but without the fire left in its breath. What was wrong with AC/DC's performance at Donington was that it lacked heart; it was a soulless exhibition. However, that said, the mark of a truly professional band is that, even operating in this state, it can still turn in a performance of quality.

They were into 'Sin City' by the time I'd clawed my way into a position where I could actually see the video screen (a useful addition to this year's stage set-up), which gave me a clear view of the frontmen, a curiously uncapped Brian Johnson and the school uniform-clad Angus Young (is this *really* any way for a 25-year-old to behave? Stand in the corner and face the wall, Angus!)

Next up, we had 'Back In Black' and an extended guitar solo from the mainman, a rocking, rolling (literally), frenzied approach to the business and just what the doctor ordered, in stark contrast to the rather soporific method of Mr Van Halen. Even so, it still went on a bit.

But AC/DC at least know what is wanted and how to deliver it and, having sailed through 'Rock 'N' Roll Ain't Noise Pollution' and the somewhat insipid 'Flick Of The Switch', we were cruising into oldies like 'The Jack', 'Highway To Hell' and 'Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap' – these are classics of the genre, solid gems etched into Heavy Metal history, that sadly AC/DC are never likely to equal.

They rounded off proceedings with 'Whole Lotta Rosie' and 'Let There Be Rock' – remember the first time you heard them? It was enough to warm the cockles even as the night began to slip into a quiet chill. Angus was carried shoulder-high across the stage wrenching another furious solo from his *Gibson*, and then they went. People drifted away.

Eventually, however, they came back onstage for 'TNT' and 'Donington We Salute You', the cannons mounted either side of the stage firing impressively to order giving the cue for an even more impressive firework display (well, it beat the couple of sparklers Whitesnake set off last year, anyway). Angus, meanwhile, finished yet another guitar run largely unnoticed.

But, for all that, and the descending bell during 'Hell's Bells', the show lacked a sense of spectacle, a sense of occasion, any semblance that this was anything other than *just* another AC/DC performance. There was no warmth, no feeling of community coming from the stage; Johnson barely spoke to his audience and there were long, anguished silent gaps between songs where all we were given was darkness and a dimmed video screen.

They played well, it was a good show, everybody seemed to have fun . . . but it just wasn't the same, you know, it just wasn't the same.

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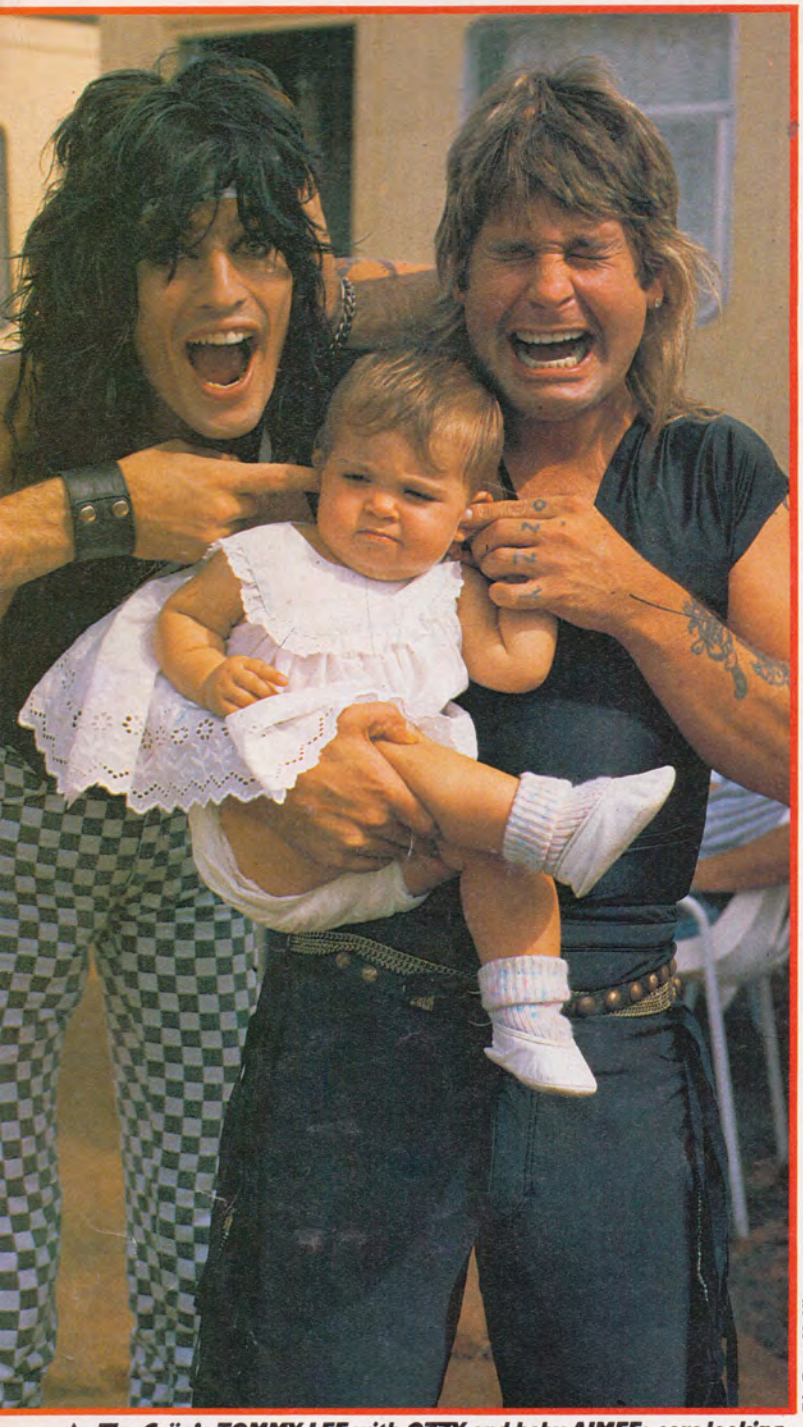

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MICK WALL

NOW I wouldn't risk life and wallet to clock Frisco mob **Y&T** like I would for the mighty VH, but past encounters have always been pleasant even if I've invariably been left with the opinion that the band lack one vital ingredient which'd make 'em outstanding. And I'm afraid that after their Donington performance I still couldn't put my finger on the missing factor, continuing to regard the boys as merely a good band of no special attraction.

Shame really. Dave Meniketti, whose strides were almost as outrageous as the sausage 'n' chip prices, is a fine guitarist and really deserves to be in a better band than this. Through 'Mean Streak', 'Lipstick 'N' Leather', 'Rescue Me' and 'Masters & Slaves', he juggled the fret frolics and the warbling whilst struggling under the hefty weight of frontmanship. He copes quite well, but he really hasn't the character to pull off a memorable one-man-show.

One definite no-no was DM's lo-ong solo during 'Masters . . .', which was boring at best, but that apart de guyzz produced a set that certainly didn't deserve the sickening bombardment of bottles they got from a number of prize prats in the crowd. Sadly, the biggest hit of their performance was the bottle that caught DM full on the mush.

Still, battling on bravely, Y&T finished on a coupla high notes with 'Hell Or High Water' and the splendid 'Forever'. Maybe next time they'll be given a bit more of a chance.

MARK PUTTERFORD

DRESSED IN a natty red track-suit, **Gary Moore** paraded his talents with assurance and the natural aplomb of the true Guitar Hero. Behind him Neil Carter (hi, Neil, remember me?) on keyboards and second guitar, Craig Gruber on bass and Paul Thompson on drums, rolled on out with taste and panache.

'Empty Rooms', 'Murder In The Skies', both were well received by the heat-infected crowd, but when the band cruised up and over into old shadow anthems like 'Shapes Of Things' and Free's 'Wishing Well' I lost interest fast. They play 'em OK, but it's all kinda obligatory, unmoving, a dry ride. Better were 'Victims Of The Future' and the encore, 'Parisienne Walkways' – which the crowd reacted to as if Bob Dylan had just walked on with a harmonica hanging outta his gob singing 'Blowin' In The Wind'. You know, massive applause!

Gary Moore is always going to rate as one of the finest guitarists in the world, his blues playing I find particularly moving, he just needs to churn out a few more classics of his own and forget about the covers.

Good rockin' though Gazza, good rockin' . . .

MICK WALL

FRANKLY, and I don't care what anyone has to say about the performances of AC/DC and Van Halen, **Ozzy Osbourne** stole the show. Rolling around in a cradle of animalistic riffs, he crushed his festival contemporaries with the delicacy of King Kong buggering a defenceless field mouse.

The ceaseless cacophony began with the boot aggression of 'I Don't Know'. Beneath the *Baader-Meinhoff* riffing, disjointed verbal barrage and self-mitigating naivety, lies the foundation of Ozzy's frightening reality. Effectively, and perhaps unintentionally, the man knows where to hit hardest; below the belt and deep into the crotch.

During the prosaic deathly romance of 'Mr Crowley', Ozzy sings (?) in raw yet coherent fashion. Actually, the song is nearly tuneless but the man's humanism expresses qualities that in less bizarre hands would be little more than empty gestures.

By mid-set the fervent appreciation of the crowd had reached almost apocalyptic proportions. Like relentless lemmings, several poor souls found the lure of Ozzy's presence almost too difficult to handle. Scaling the stage, they rushed to the man like lepers seeking the healing hands of the Lord himself. On most occasions he dutifully obliged successful fans – those who'd dodged through the bouncers and anguished photographers – by allowing them to splutter a brief incoherent message into the microphone. Even at this point there was no betrayal.

The band, however, hold the key to Ozzy's menacing art. Jake E. Lee trashed just about every other guitarist ('cept maybe Mr Moore) featured on the menu, revelling in disjointed melody and wailing feedback, and elsewhere matters are just as effective. The rhythm team of Tommy Aldridge (back in the saddle!) on drums and long-standing bass partner Bob Daisley forms an unencumbered power base from which Jake E. Lee springboards with spluttering dexterity. This intensity is rounded off by Don Airey's professional and competent keyboard dabblings.

Unleashing a grotesque total of 13 songs, best of which were 'Over The Mountain', 'Rock 'N' Roll Rebel', 'Bark At The Moon', 'Steal Away The Night', 'Crazy Train' and the gross 'Iron Man', Ozzy injected more effort and exuberance into his performance than the rest of the bill mustered throughout the whole day.

Simply the greatest.

DEREK OLIVER

'But, for all that, and the descending bell during 'Hell's Bells', the show lacked a sense of spectacle, a sense of occasion, any semblance that this was anything other than just another AC/DC performance. . .'

SO, WAS it worth it? Was it worth the build-up? Was it worth the wait? Was it f**k! C'mon, Eddie, we all know you can play, but a 15 minute guitar solo? Do me a favour! And a drum solo in the second number? Where I come from that's what we call taking the piss. And there's more: a bass solo so long it actually allowed frontman Dave Lee Roth to go offstage and change his entire outfit and probably still have time to down a few JD's and unleash his tongue on whatever flesh happened to be passing!

There are only two reasons why **Van Halen** are as big as they are and when one of them isn't functioning at all well you begin to wonder what all the fuss is about; except that Roth is not a man to be inhibited by the fact that his guitarist can't get it together.

Is any show worth going to just to listen to the raps? Well, if such a show exists then it's a Van Halen one! Granted most of them are well rehearsed routines like: *"Don't stick your tongue out at me unless you aim to use it!"* But some of the off-the-cuff ones are gems too, like: *"Michael Jackson ain't s**t on Heavy Metal, baby!"* or even, in answer to a bottle thrower: *"Hey, don't throw no s**t up onstage cos if you do, pal, I know after the show I'm gonna f**k your girlfriend!"*

Classic stuff that might just have been worth the price of the ticket alone.

But then we got onto the *clichéd* stuff, like: *"Donington, you're the REAL stars of this event!"* Oh yeah, Dave, and I suppose Lewisham is still the rock'n'roll capital of the world! And then trying to convince us they were filming it so they could show everyone back home how the English do it! Funny, he told the *Rainbow* audience the same thing a few years ago!

But let's not quibble. Then again, yeah, let's quibble. Too many solos, too few songs, only *12* in the whole set. Van Halen work best when they're delivering short, simple pop numbers like 'Jump' or 'Pretty Woman'. But then I wouldn't have missed it for the raps, the sword dance (did you know Roth used to be a dancer?) and the costumes. The Costumes!! The costumes were outrageous, Dave; a silver lamé jacket and panama hat – tastefully grotesque, eh?

But by the end of the day they'd run out of solos and they'd run out of songs to play (or at least ones Dave knew the words to). So they fell back on that old standard, 'You Really Got Me', as an encore number. What?! No 'Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love'? I mean, was this Van Halen, or what? And what with Eddie being shown how to do it by Jake E. Lee this must rank as a disappointment, maybe with a capital 'D'!

So it was a joke from a joke band, OK, but you stretched the joke out too far and too thin this time, guys. Let's see some sharper, snappier results next time around.

DAVE DICKSON

I PREFERRED **AC/DC** when they were still a punk band.

I have to say it, back in the good old days when they were grittier than a cinder track and dirtier than a night in Hamburg – those were the days when AC/DC were at their peak. Unfortunately, since Bon Scott's untimely demise it's been downhill all the way with the last thing they released of any note being 'Back In Black', which Scott had actually written.

Now we've got a huge, unwieldy dragon of a band but without the fire left in its breath. What was wrong with AC/DC's performance at Donington was that it lacked heart; it was a soulless exhibition. However, that said, the mark of a truly professional band is that, even operating in this state, it can still turn in a performance of quality.

They were into 'Sin City' by the time I'd clawed my way into a position where I could actually see the video screen (a useful addition to this year's stage set-up), which gave me a clear view of the frontmen, a curiously uncapped Brian Johnson and the school uniform-clad Angus Young (is this *really* any way for a 25-year-old to behave? Stand in the corner and face the wall, Angus!)

Next up, we had 'Back In Black' and an extended guitar solo from the mainman, a rocking, rolling (literally), frenzied approach to the business and just what the doctor ordered, in stark contrast to the rather soporific method of Mr Van Halen. Even so, it still went on a bit.

But AC/DC at least know what is wanted and how to deliver it and, having sailed through 'Rock 'N' Roll Ain't Noise Pollution' and the somewhat insipid 'Flick Of The Switch', we were cruising into oldies like 'The Jack', 'Highway To Hell' and 'Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap' – these are classics of the genre, solid gems etched into Heavy Metal history, that sadly AC/DC are never likely to equal.

They rounded off proceedings with 'Whole Lotta Rosie' and 'Let There Be Rock' – remember the first time you heard them? It was enough to warm the cockles even as the night began to slip into a quiet chill. Angus was carried shoulder-high across the stage wrenching another furious solo from his *Gibson,* and then they went. People drifted away.

Eventually, however, they came back onstage for 'TNT' and 'Donington We Salute You', the cannons mounted either side of the stage firing impressively to order giving the cue for an even more impressive firework display (well, it beat the couple of sparklers Whitesnake set off last year, anyway). Angus, meanwhile, finished yet another guitar run largely unnoticed.

But, for all that, and the descending bell during 'Hell's Bells', the show lacked a sense of spectacle, a sense of occasion, any semblance that this was anything other than *just* another AC/DC performance. There was no warmth, no feeling of community coming from the stage; Johnson barely spoke to his audience and there were long, anguished silent gaps between songs where all we were given was darkness and a dimmed video screen.

They played well, it was a good show, everybody seemed to have fun . . . but it just wasn't the same, you know, it just wasn't the same.

DAVE DICKSON

WHEE WF FROM THE DONINGTON BALL!!

EVERYONE WAS there: **Mr and Mrs Boss Barton**, **Gary Moore**'s aunty, **Geezer Butler**'s nephew, **Neal Schon**, **Eric Martin**, **Bernie Marsden**, **Girlschool**, **Cronos** of **Venom**, **Steve Hopgood** of **Persian Risk**. There was **Xavier Russell**, who needed a strong drink to recover from the shock of **Spider**'s **Brian Burrows** actually offering, before witnesses, to buy him a beer. There were notorious rockers **Mick Wall**, **'Pooh' Palmer** and **Dave Oberlé**, not to mention **Ross Halfin** who made a fabulous comeback from a severe no-backstage pass situation and ended up strutting about with a royal flush of the things hanging from his belly (it was probably the weight of that lot which caused the photographers' platform down the front to collapse).

Slade's **Dave Hill** was there, plus all of **Saxon**, with **Biff** striding around in a dangerously dinky pair of white rock 'n' roll shorts yet still losing the blondes to a wandering **Mick Mars**. **Howard Johnson** was there and so was **'Krusher' Joule** accompanied by Rock 'N' Roll Dog, **Bullseye Joule**.

Almost didn't let BJ in; the meathead at the backstage gate said he needed to have a pass to gain access. BJ thought he said something else (all that good rockin' makes a dog hard of hearin') and used the gate as a lamp-post. After thousands of punters threw squeezy beer bottles through the air in protest, the rock 'n' roll dog was finally admitted.

Oh, those rock 'n' rollers are so competitive! After witnessing the best Britain had to offer in the bottle-tossing stakes, bassist **Nikki Sixx** went back to the **Mötley Crüe** trailer and started hurling vodka bottles out of the window. Got in a bit of practice on stage first, though, chucking his bass guitar to the public "as a gift", and managing to do a quick lobotomy on the poor recipient in the third row.

Meanwhile, **Ozzy**'I'll-stick-anything-in-my-gob' **Osbourne** was making the most of the missiles hurtling through the air by taking a bite at anything and everything that landed on stage, including a ropey-looking apple and a highly suspicious bottle of orangey-yellow liquid . . .

And only yards away, 'Krusher' and Wall had to content themselves with sucking on *one* Mescal worm and *one* sad-looking bottle of vodka between them.

Prevented by a pair of bodyguards from soiling his flesh on the gals mercilessly zeroing in on him, **David Lee Roth** limbered up for **Van Halen**'s set by rolling out a carpet outside the band's backstage trailer, setting up a pair of rather large speakers and blasting disco music right across the backstage area. This enabled him to indulge in a bit of the old John Travoltaerobics, and, of course, "annoy **Angus**!" When that groove hits your shoes there's no stopping you . . .

The same bodyguards put paid to David's plan to *Brylcreem* back his barnet and ease on down into the crowd during Ozzy's set. In fact, the only star bold enough to venture among the plebs was **Y&T**'s bass player, **Phil Kennemore**.

Nikki Sixx got a call from **Kevin DuBrow** of **Quiet Riot**, trying to arrange a truce. Seems Nik hit a sensitive (or a soft) spot when he said Kevin's head was growing through his hair. Think about it . . .

Ozzy was exposing more of his scalp than was necessary in the 80 degrees of sunshine, wandering around backstage in a hat comprised of a straw brim and not much else. *Kerrang!* tried to listen in on what he was chatting at length about to the becapped **Brian Johnson** of **AC/DC**, but they were, er, keeping it under their hats.

Still, we did overhear rumours that **Black Sabbath** have already tired of new singer **David Donato** and are thinking of wooing **Phil Mogg** away from his new band.

Words: LAURA CANYON
Pix: ERICA ECHENBERG

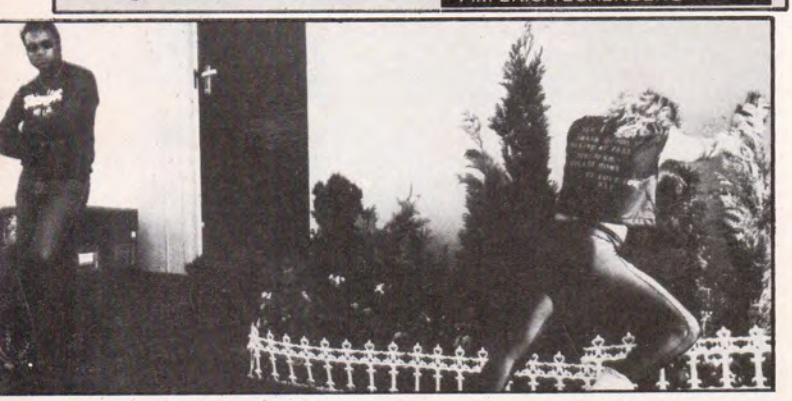
***DON AIREY** (yes, the one on the right) seen here alongside his little bro' **Keith** who plays guitar with **Nik Kershaw**'s band, the **Krew**, poor sod, and claims it is his lifelong ambition to get his 'dial' in the hallowed pages of* Kerrang! . . .

*AN ECSTATIC **Angus Young** of **AC/DC** looking well pleased at the prospect of headlining this year's Donington . . .*

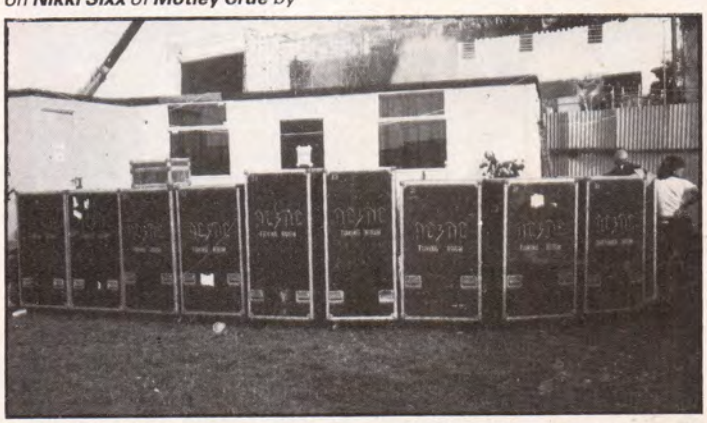
***EDDIE VAN HALEN** caught in some serious dealings with a fence. It seems a fan of the band (a friend of **Howard Johnson's** called **Ade**) brought his stripey plank along simply to get it scribbled on by Ed . . .*

*WORRA CHEEK!! **Nikki Sixx** and **Tommy Lee** (right) flick through an old mail order catalogue to see if they can afford to get the **Mötley Crüe** drummer a new pair of strides in time for next year's Donington . . .*

*THE BISHOP bites back! **Dante 'Molars' Bonutto** turns the tables on **Nikki Sixx** of **Mötley Crüe** by taking a lump out of the upstart's guitar arm . . .*



*AFTER FAILING to qualify for the US Olympic synchronised swimming team, **Dave Lee Roth** limbers up on the grass (it sez here) before taking the stage at Donington. The gent in the shades is one of David's army of personal bodyguards . . .*



*THERE WERE nine flight cases sitting on the grass, and if one flight case should accidentally fall it would probably crush a member of **AC/DC** into a pulp. The band's dressing room at Donington . . .*

SINGLES

1	20	2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
2	—	I WANNA BE SOMEBODY	**W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
3	—	BIG CITY NIGHTS	**Scorpions** (Harvest)
4	1	NERVOUS SHAKEDOWN	**AC/DC** (Atlantic)
5	—	LOOKS THAT KILL	**Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
6	4	EMPTY ROOMS	**Gary Moore** (10)
7	2	WE ROCK	**Dio** (Vertigo)
8	7	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST)	**W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
9	10	I'LL WAIT	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
10	12	ISLAND IN THE SUN	**Alcatrazz** (RCA)
11	24	TOO DIFFERENT, TWO PEOPLE	**Persian Risk** (Zebra)
12	3	UP AROUND THE BEND	**Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
13	19	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
14	—	ROCK ME TONITE	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
15	9	ASSASSING	**Marillion** (EMI)
16	—	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
17	11	THE LAST IN LINE	**Dio** (Vertigo import)
18	8	IT CAN HAPPEN	**Yes** (Atco)
19	5	BREAKAWAY	**Spider** (A&M)
20	14	THUNDER ON THE TUNDRA	**Thor** (Ultra Noise)
21	6	LEGS (METAL MIX)	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
22	13	SO TIRED	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
23	17	ROLL AWAY THE STONE	**Pet Hate** (FM)
24	16	IT'S MY LIFE	**Wendy O. Williams** (Music For Nations)
25	18	THE BODY ELECTRIC	**Rush** (Vertigo)
26	15	WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT	**Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
27	23	NOISE, FILTH & FURY EP	**Warfare** (Neat)
28	—	LIGHTNING STRIKES	**Tokyo Blade** (Powerstation)
29	27	PUNCH & JUDY	**Marillion** (EMI)
30	21	TWO SIDES OF LOVE	**Sammy Hagar** (Geffen import)

LOCAL CHART

1		LADY HEARTBREAK	**Di'Anno** (Heavy Metal Records)
2		KING OF THE ROCK	**Faithful Breath** (Mausoleum)
3		CAN'T SHAKE YOU	**Santers** (Heavy Metal Records)
4		CAN'T SAY NO	**Rage** (Carrere)
5		YOUNG & WISE	**Axe Victim** (Mausoleum)
6		DON'T TAKE FOREVER	**Sam Thunder** (Bulleon)
7		BACK WHERE I STARTED	**Box Of Frogs** (Epic)
8		SHOCK TREATMENT	**Wolf** (Mausoleum)
9		MASTERS & SLAVES	**Y&T** (A&M)
10		CASI ME MATO	**Baron Rojo** (Mausoleum)
11		NO SWEAT	**Geordie** (Neat)
12		TOO WILD TO TAME	**Avenger** (Neat)
13		METAL RACER	**Warlock** (Mausoleum)
14		TORMENTOR	**W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
15		LAW ABUZER	**Wrathchild** (Heavy Metal Records)
16		HARD ROCK KID	**April Wine** (Capitol)
17		PART OF THE SCENERY	**Billy Rankin** (A&M)
18		TRIP TO DOOM	**Dark Wizard** (Mausoleum)
19		YOU'RE KILLING ME	**Le Griffe** (Bulleon)
20		YOU'VE GOT FIRE	**Rock Goddess** (A&M)
21		AXE VICTIM	**Axe Witch** (Finger Print)
22		HOLD ON TO LOVE	**First Blood** (Dambusters)
23		NO BETTER THAN HELL	**Great White** (EMI America)
24		TIRED OF YOU	**Taipan** (Bulleon)
25		STARCHILD	**Crossfire** (Mausoleum)
26		TURN AWAY	**Money** (Heavy Metal America)
27		SHOCK WAVES	**Killer** (Mausoleum)
28		CALL OF THE WILD	**Black Lace** (Mausoleum)
29		SAIL ON	**Ozz** (Zebra)
30		WARRIORS	**Syar** (Mausoleum)

Compiled by the Bailey Brothers at the Retford Porterhouse.

Anyone wishing to have their chart/radio playlist published in *Kerrang!* should send a copy to: ***Kerrang!* Charts/Playlists, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.**

ALBUMS

1	15	IN ROCK WE TRUST	**Y&T** (A&M)
2	3	RIDE THE LIGHTNING	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	1	THE LAST IN LINE	**Dio** (Vertigo)
4	2	CONDITION CRITICAL	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
5	10	STAY HUNGRY	**Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
6	4	MAMA'S BOYS	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
7	13	HELL COMES TO YOUR HOUSE	**Various** (Music For Nations)
8	5	1984	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
9	—	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL	**Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
10	21	ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
11	—	LIVE AT THE NEC	**Status Quo** (IMS/Vertigo)
12	8	STREET TALK	**Steve Perry** (CBS)
13	9	PYROMANIA	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
14	—	NO PAROLE FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Alcatrazz** (RCA)
15	12	OUT OF THE CELLAR	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
16	7	DI'ANNO	**Di'Anno** (FM)
17	28	BON JOVI	**Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
18	11	BOX OF FROGS	**Box Of Frogs** (Epic)
19	6	ROCK WILL NEVER DIE	**Michael Schenker Group** (Chrysalis)
20	14	FUGAZI	**Marillion** (EMI)
21	20	INDEPENDENT DAYS	**Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
22	25	UNLACED	**Black Lace** (Mausoleum)
23	16	ALL FIRED UP	**Fastway** (CBS)
24	—	THE WARRIOR	**Chariot** (Shades)
25	34	POWER FROM THE UNIVERSE	**Battleaxe** (Music For Nations)
26	18	ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS	**Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
27	31	90125	**Yes** (Atco)
28	—	LET THEM EAT METAL	**The Rods** (Music For Nations)
29	22	GRACE UNDER PRESSURE	**Rush** (Vertigo)
30	17	HEAD ON ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Michael Furlong** (Roadrunner)
31	23	VOA	**Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
32	32	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	**Marillion** (EMI)
33	33	DIRTY FINGERS	**Gary Moore** (Jet)
34	50	AKIMBO ALOGO	**Kim Mitchell** (Alert)
35	36	AT WAR WITH SATAN	**Venom** (Neat)
36	27	STAKK ATTAKK	**Wrathchild** (Heavy Metal Records)
37	35	VICES	**Kick Axe** (Pasha)
38	24	W.O.W.	**Wendy O. Williams** (Music For Nations)
39	30	SIGNS OF LIFE	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
40	29	MASK	**Roger Glover** (Polydor)
41	—	BLACK 'N BLUE	**Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
42	40	VOICE OF AMERICA	**Little Steven & The Disciples of Soul** (EMI America)
43	26	COULDN'T STAND THE WEATHER	**Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble** (Epic)
44	41	FIREPOWER	**Chateaux** (Ebony)
45	45	SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX)	**Whitesnake** (Geffen)
46	19	ASSAULT & FLATTERY	**Holly Woods & Toronto** (Solid Gold)
47	38	ORION THE HUNTER	**Orion The Hunter** (Portrait)
48	46	SHOUT IT OUT	**Maineeaxe** (Powerstation)
49	43	EDGE OF THE WORLD	**Wolf** (Mausoleum)
50	—	A TASTE OF TEAZE	**Teaze** (Heavy Metal America)

IMPORT ALBUMS

1		MAMA'S BOYS	**Mama's Boys** (Jive)
2		ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS	**Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
3		HEAD ON ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Michael Furlong** (Roadrunner)
4		VOA	**Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
5		AKIMBO ALOGO	**Kim Mitchell** (Alert)
6		VICES	**Kick Axe** (Pasha)
7		SIGNS OF LIFE	**Billy Squier** (Capitol)
8		BLACK 'N BLUE	**Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
9		SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX)	**Whitesnake** (Geffen)
10		ASSAULT & FLATTERY	**Holly Woods & Toronto** (Solid Gold)

PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . .

MALCOLM DOME

'TOUCH THE NIGHT' Marseille (Ultra Noise)

'MOUNTAINS' Manowar (10 45 B-side)

'POWERSLAVE' Iron Maiden (EMI)

'THE BLITZ' Krokus (Arista)

MICK WALL

'PURPLE RAIN' Prince (Warner Brothers)

'COULDN'T STAND THE WEATHER' Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble (Epic)

'ALCHEMY' Dire Straits (Vertigo)

'BEFORE THEY MAKE ME RUN' Rolling Stones (track from the 'Some Girls' LP on Rolling Stones Records)

GEOFF BARTON

'ALL MEN PLAY ON 10' (10 45)

'HEAVEN'S ON FIRE' Kiss (Vertigo 45)

'2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT' Iron Maiden (EMI 45)

'I'LL WAIT' Van Halen (Warner Brothers 45)

DANTE BONUTTO

'HEAVEN'S ON FIRE' Kiss (Vertigo 45)

'ALL MEN PLAY ON 10' Manowar (10 45)

'MARCH OF THE SAINT' Armored Saint (Chrysalis)

'POWERSLAVE' Iron Maiden (EMI)

KERRANG!

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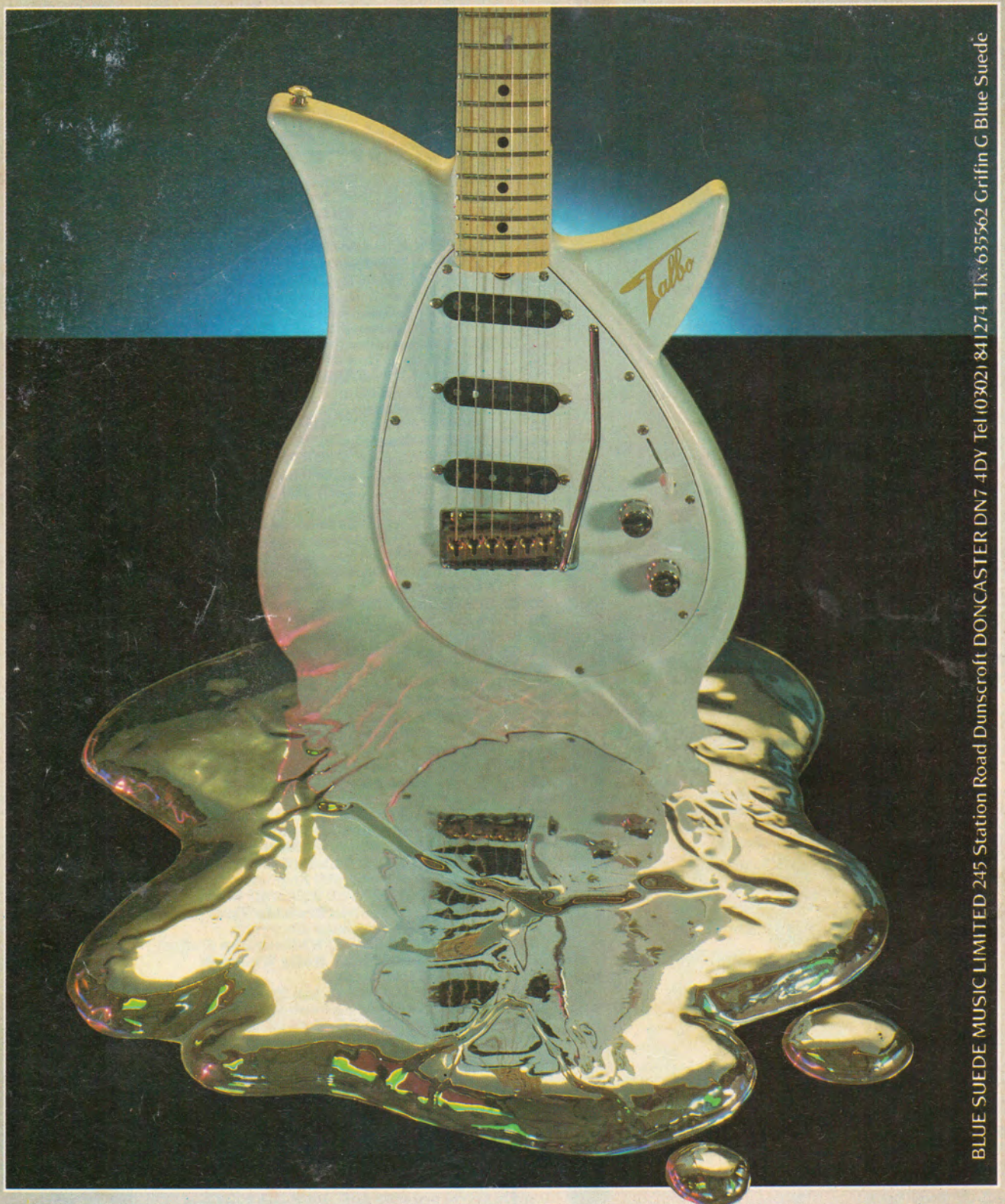

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Maybe, when you pick one up, you'll understand what's meant by real balance and action.

Play one. Let it sing in your hands and we guarantee that its sound will leave you breathless.

No gimmicks, no gadgetry... just pure, clean natural sustain.

The heart of the Talbo secret lies in its high density aluminium alloy body and its unique dovetail-and-bolted neck joint.* The guitar resonates from end to end in a way never possible with traditional methods of manufacture. Couple these features to superb electrics, a choice of either single coil or humbucking configuration, and a quality of hardware that has already made Tokai famous and you'll begin to understand the Talbo secret—but you'll only truly understand that secret when you play a Talbo for yourself.

Try one now. Available at all good music shops.

TOKAI

Talbo

*patent pending